This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
CALIFORNIA

Lady le Fleming,
Rydal Hall,

TRADITIONS

OF

PALESTINE.

EDITED BY

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

1830.

PRINTED BY G. SMALLFIELD, HACKNEY.

955
M385
tra

CONTENTS.

	Page
THE HOPE OF THE HEBREW	1
LIFE IN DEATH	27
SONGS OF PRAISE	51
THE WILDERNESS GLADDENED	73
BEHOLD THY SON!	95
THE HOUR OF REST	115
ALAS! THAT MIGHTY CITY!	135

M601782

THE

HOPE OF THE HEBREW.

THE ruddy dawn was breaking over the summits of the mountains which inclose the Lake of Genesareth on the eastern side, when Sadoc and his sister Michal came forth from Capernaum to walk on the beach, which was yet as silent as it had been during the night. They walked quickly and were mute till the city was hidden from them by the projection of a hill, whose base was washed by the waves. They then paused and gazed on a scene which they were wont to behold, but which now appeared in more than ordinary beauty. The deep vale in which the lake lay embosomed was yet reposing in a grey shadow, while the radiance of the morning streamed through the clefts of the opposite mountains, and crimsoned the tops of the western hills. The

cedar groves which were scattered on the uplands, and the palms which were grouped among the recesses of the hills, waved their tops in the light cool breeze. The stork winged her slow flight above the groves, while the eagle arose from the highest summit of the rocks, like a dark speck in the sunlight. An aromatic scent spread among the flowering reeds on the borders of the lake, except where a sandy promontory jutted out into the waters, affording an advantageous station for the fishers, whose boats were seen, here and there, floating on the rippled surface, and whose nets were spread to dry in the morning sun.

Sadoc and his sister directed their steps to one of these promontories, whence they could gain an extensive view of the shores, and could even discern the issue of Jordan from the southern end of the lake. The few habitations which were distinctly visible, presented no sign of life without or within. No human being was in sight; and if the maiden looked around her in search of such a form, her search was vain.

"He cannot yet have passed," said Michal, "though it is said that he sometimes departs

by night. It was full late when he dismissed the people, and perhaps he will yet remain another day."

"I would we could speak with him," replied her brother, "or at least that we could hear his teachings once again."

"My father fears lest we should do so," said Michal, "except in the synagogue. If he would return on the next sabbath we might hear him again without blame; and I surely believe that no man besides can explain the law and the prophets with such truth and power as he."

"His words alone would have awakened me as I am now awakened," said Sadoc; "but his works also shew that he is a prophet from on high."

"Yet our father will not behold nor believe."

"He will not see nor listen, because he is sure that no prophet can arise out of Nazareth. How this may be, I know not; but I know that by Jehovah alone can such a power of healing be given."

"My father says also, that in the Temple,

with great power and grandeur, must the Deliverer appear."

"So have we always believed, and so it may be. This Teacher may be but a forerunner of the Mighty One, and not the Messiah himself, as some say. We must know more before we can reason with our father; but I believe and will declare this Teacher to be a Prophet."

"He comes!" exclaimed Michal, as she saw the figure of a man advancing from the hill which hid the city from them. "But, no! he would not depart alone."

"It is our friend Paltiel," said Sadoc, as the man approached. "He is come for the same purpose as ourselves. Didst thou observe how he listened to the words of the Teacher?"

"I observed nothing," replied Michal.

Paltiel seated himself on a stone beside his friends, and their discourse was still of the Teacher. In answer to the question whether he believed the man of Nazareth to be the Messiah, Paltiel replied,

"He hath not plainly said whether such

be his office or no. But we hear nothing, we see nothing of preparation to deliver us from the Romans. It was but yesternight that Aram prayed him to be allowed to follow him to the war, and he answered by a blessing on the lovers of peace."

"My father objects," said Sadoc, "that he can have no commission to deliver our nation, as he has neither wealth nor power; and his very works, of which the fame has spread so far, have brought him no followers but those who are as poor as himself."

"From Jehovah cometh the power," said Michal. "He raiseth the poor, and bringeth down princes to nothing."

"I have pondered the words of prophecy much of late," said Paltiel, "and have compared them with the words of the Teacher; and I will not fear to tell my friends the thoughts that are in my mind."

Sadoc and Michal turned eagerly to listen.

"I have thought that the office of the Christ might not consist only in the performance of one great deliverance. That he will restore us as a nation, cannot be doubted; but may he not cause other changes also?"

"His words are ever in favour of peace and brotherly love; and I know of something of which you have not heard. He refuses not to discourse and to eat with Samaritans."

Sadoc and Michal looked at one another with surprise and sorrow.

"It is but a few days," continued Paltiel, "since he told a woman of Sychar that neither at Jerusalem nor on Gerizim should men hereafter worship the Father. Whether his meaning can be understood, judge for yourselves. For my part, I suppose that he may reconcile the Samaritans unto us, and bring us together within a greater temple than hath yet been builded."

"It cannot be!" exclaimed Michal. "The Samaritans! Our foes, who opposed the building of our holy temple!"

"Who corrupted the law!" added Sadoc. "The vengeance of Jehovah shall swallow them up."

"Nay, Sadoc, beware," said Paltiel. "Remember that the wrath of man cannot avenge the Lord. Hold thy peace against this people."

"Thou hast given thy judgment, Paltiel.

If I did not believe thee wrong, I would follow no more after this man."

"O! why," asked Michal, "did he talk with a woman of Sychar?"

"Moreover," said Paltiel, "he abode in Sychar two days."

"What would our father say, Sadoc?"

"What he now says, that this Jesus is a false prophet. Paltiel, what other changes may be wrought, as thou believest?"

"I can scarcely say that I believe or expect such changes," replied he; "but this man is like no other, inasmuch as he regards some of our customs, and strangely violates others. By his teaching, he confirms the law and the prophets; and yet some of his thoughts are not those of a Hebrew. He worships in the temple, and goes up to the feast; yet he has said that the temple shall be destroyed. He enters, as ye know, into the synagogue, on the Sabbath, and yet he keeps not the day altogether holy. He condemns extortion, yet eats with publicans. He is pure, and he teaches righteousness, while he discourses with some sinners so polluted that all good men avoid them. No prophet hath done thus of old."

"What dost thou therefore believe?"

"I scarcely know: but when I behold how pure he is while doing thus, I inquire whether we might not also be more holy in our minds while less strait in our external observances. Many of us are sinful in our lives, while outwardly sanctified: and may not this be in some degree the case with us all?"

"I fear to listen further," said Michal; "and I now fear to meet the Teacher. I will return whence I did wrong to come forth."

She raised her head which had sunk on her knees, and drew her veil around her face to conceal the tears which had sprung to her eyes. Grief had succeeded to hope, and she wished to avoid the mysterious Teacher who could not have been sent by the God of the Hebrews, since he had tarried two days at Sychar, boded evil to the Temple, and entered the dwelling of a publican.

Her brother and his friend accompanied her to the city, and then proceeded along the shore of the lake to the southward, still hoping to see and hear more of him who filled their thoughts.

They walked slowly, conversing earnestly

concerning the expectation of their people, and the predictions of their Scriptures respecting it. They revived in each other's memory the words of grace and truth which they had heard in the synagogue from him who had expounded the law with an authority which none could resist. The remembrance at length awed them into silence, and they stood, leaning each against a palm, and gazing on the waters which were now gleaming in the full light of day. After a while, the breeze brought to their ears the voices of men, and as expectation was powerful within them, they, with one consent, pursued their way. They presently reached a little bay, where many boats were riding the waters. In those most distant from the beach, fishermen were busy at their toil; but those near the margin of the lake were deserted, and the men were collected in groups along the shore. Sadoc approached a man who stood musing apart, with his nets, which he had prepared, hanging over his arm.

"The fair morning calls thee to thy occupation, Lemuel," said Sadoc. "Hasten, lest the heat of the day come on."

The man looked up, only replying, "The Teacher hath passed this way."

"Hath passed!" exclaimed Sadoc. "And we have lingered behind. Whither is he gone?"

"We know not," replied Lemuel, "but he hath called away some of our companions. Simon and Andrew have left their boat and followed him, and others also."

"Wherefore?"

"I know not; but Simon and Andrew had seen and heard him at Bethabara; and they tell such wonderful sayings of him, that they cannot but follow him when he calls."

"In what manner did he call them?"

"He said somewhat to them which made Simon cast down his nets in haste, and gird himself as if for a journey."

"Moreover, with great joy," said one who stood by: "the Teacher promised that they should be fishers of men. The meaning of the promise they will tell us when they return."

"What thinkest thou of him, Lemuel?"

"That he is a mighty one sent of God."

"Why then art thou here? Why didst thou not follow him also?"

"I feared to do so; but when our companions return, we shall learn more of the glad tidings he is said to bring."

"Let us follow," said Sadoc to his friend, "lest these men return not again."

One who was a Nazarene offered to join them, as he also sought the Prophet. He had heard him in the synagogue at Nazareth two sabbath-days before. He now related how this Prophet had read and applied to himself the saying, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath appointed me to preach glad tidings to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." The Nazarene told how this promise appeared to be fulfilled by the works of wonder and of love now daily witnessed in those parts which saw this great and long-promised light. He described the contempt with which the Mighty One was regarded in Nazareth, because he had dwelt there in a humble station while following an ordinary occupation. "They remember not," he continued, "that David was once but a stripling who tended his fa-

ther's sheep, and that Solomon was descended from Ruth the Moabitess."

"Hast thou known,—didst thou ever discourse with Jesus before he was baptized?" asked Sadoc with eagerness.

"I have broken bread and drank of the same cup with him," replied the Nazarene, "and heard many words of wisdom from him. I have often marvelled that my heart burned within me while we discoursed of the hope of our nation. And when I have beheld how the eyes of his mother were fixed on him with deep and tender love, I have thought that she was blessed among women."

"And his brethren are also favoured of the Lord!"

"Nay, but they believe not on him. Mary, his mother, hideth her hopes in her heart; but his brethren marvel that the world is gone after him. Yet they were in much fear lest he should be dashed to pieces when his townsmen were full of wrath against him."

"Wherefore were they angry?"

"Because he restrained his hand from doing the mighty works which they sought. He rebuked them for their unbelief, and refused

to put forth his power, lest they should scoff at the Most High. Then they thrust him forth to the ridge of the hill, and I verily thought that his last hour was come."

"And was his countenance calm?"

"He did not strive nor cry, but looked mournfully on the rebellious crowd. Presently he was gone, no one knew whither. I came to Capernaum, trusting to find him there, and I will not henceforth cease from following him."

"Paltiel," said Sadoc, turning to his friend, "in this thing hath Jehovah again testified that his ways are not as our ways. This man cometh not with power and an outstretched arm, as we supposed. He is mild and calm; and I cannot look upon him as the champion of Israel and the conqueror of our conquerors. When I have hitherto thought of the day of our deliverance, my spirit has risen while the horses and chariots of the mighty, the bands of armed men, and the tents of a host, were before me; while the trumpets sounded to the battle, and Israel was led forth by such an one as Joshua or Gideon, or as Maccabæus,—but with a brighter glory and a stronger arm.

Thinkest thou that this Jesus will be to us such a leader? To me it seems that such can never be his office."

The Nazarene interrupted him by saying,

"Doubt not thou the word of Jehovah.—Hath he not said that freedom shall be brought by his mighty one? Remember, too, the dignity of the Prophet and the authority of his words. When he shall cast off his garments of peace and gird on his armour, who shall stand before him?"

Sadoc mused instead of replying, and they went on in silence, except that one or other, from time to time, repeated some promise or uttered some prayer from their scriptures, which the events of the time revived in their hearts with unwonted power. "O that thou wouldst rend the heavens, that thou wouldst come down, to make thy name known to thine adversaries, that the nations may tremble at thy presence!" "As the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth, so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations." "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for

thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

The noon-day heats became oppressive: the way was now stony and sandy; the glare of the sun, reflected from the transparent lake, wearied the eye, and the travellers began to look around for a place of repose. Paltiel remembered that at the distance of two furlongs from the spot where they now were, a cluster of palm-trees grew in a recess of the hills, where a fountain of cool water gushed from a rocky cleft. As soon as they arrived within sight of the trees, they perceived, by the motion of garments, that some one was already at the spring. On approaching nearer, they saw an aged man couched on the ground as if asleep, while a maiden watched over him. She had spread her veil to shade his face from the light; but when she heard the sound of footsteps and perceived that strangers were drawing near, she hastily replaced her veil, and bent over the old man, as if speaking to him. He arose and surveyed the three companions, placing his hand above his eyes, as if even the softened light beneath the palm-branches was painful. Seeing that they paused, as if wish-

ing yet fearing to join company with him, he courteously invited them to repose and drink. Before accepting his offer, Sadoc uttered the inquiry which was ever uppermost in his mind, whether the Teacher had passed that way.

"He hath,—blessed be his name, and the name of Jehovah who sent him!"

"Thou believest on him!" said Sadoc with joy.

"I must needs believe on him," replied the old man, "for he hath wrought a great work of mercy on me. When yonder sun had been an hour above the mountains, all was dark as night to me, as it hath been for years past. I now see."

"And the Prophet hath done this!"

"He laid his hands on me, and the blessed light returned to me. I have seen the face of my child. The sparkling of the waters also, and the fruit and leaves of these trees, greener and fairer than they were in my remembrance, —have gladdened my heart. Yet will they be more beautiful unto me to-morrow; for my sense is yet weak, and I can scarce even look upon you, though the face of man has been long as a dream unto me, and this hour is like

a pleasant waking. Blessed be he who hath gladdened my age with light!"

"Amen, Amen," murmured the maiden, as she sat with her head bowed on her knees.

"But the Teacher," exclaimed Sadoc. "How came he unto thee, and where?"

"We rested beneath this tree," replied the old man. "I heard the steps of men, and knew that a company approached. My daughter believed that the Prophet was among them, and therefore I went forth and bowed before him. He asked if I believed on his words, and looked to him for the salvation of Israel; and then he removed darkness from me."

Again the maiden spoke in a low voice,

"'According to thy faith be it done unto thee.'—Those words shall be hidden in my heart evermore."

"Wherefore have ye not followed him?" inquired the Nazarene.

"I hastened to do so, when I should have bestowed my child in safety; but the Teacher saw that my spirit trembled within me, and he took my hand and led me hither, and desired me to abide, till the heat of noon should

be overpast. And he gave us his blessing, and went on his way."

"Didst thou not fear before him?"

"I feared before the manifest power of Jehovah. But this man I fear not. On his countenance my opened sight first rested, and I gazed without confusion. It seems to me that whether men fear him or no, they cannot but love also. My heart has followed him, and if it please the Lord, I will offer my thanksgivings at the feet of his prophet once again."

When Sadoc had heard all that the old man could relate, he was impatient to pursue his journey. Paltiel reminded him of his home, his family, and occupation; but Sadoc earnestly replied,

"Shall Jehovah put forth his wonders in our land, and shall mine eyes not see and mine ears not hear? I go not back till I have learned of his doctrine and sought to be his disciple."

He retired to a solitary place to pour out his spirit before Jehovah in thanksgivings that the long-desired year of salvation had opened gloriously, and in prayer that Israel might be

exalted over other nations, and that all the power and prosperity of the earth might be concentered in the people of God. Not doubting of the holiness of his petition, he set forth once again with a glowing heart and a countenance of joy.

Now, wherever they passed, they heard the name of the Prophet. All who had been restored to health and pleasure by his hand and voice, praised him openly, or adored, in the depth of their hearts, the power by which he wrought; but many who had learned of the scribes, many who were in esteem for wisdom, many whose faith was spoken of in the synagogue, and whose outward sanctity pointed them out as men of God, refused to hear or see a prophet who came from Nazareth, and warned those who followed, that the word of the Lord cannot be removed for ever. Already families were divided. Some who had seen could not but believe; others who had not seen were grieved in spirit that a false prophet should draw a multitude after him. Many voices of warning, remonstrance, and contention, were heard in the dwellings of men; many secret tears were shed in the solitude of

their chambers; many humble and fervent prayers ascended that Jehovah would be pleased to reveal his truth, to help wavering belief, to guard from impious delusion. Songs of joy were also heard to arise from the roofs of many dwellings, while the glad hearts of those who firmly believed caused them to open their doors to the way-farers who sought the Prophet, or the followers who spoke of the wonders which he did.

There was, however, one dwelling where the name of the new Teacher had not yet been heard. It stood so far apart from the way-side, that no sounds had reached it from the busy throngs which had passed since sun-rise on that memorable day. It was overshadowed by trees, and nearly hidden from the passers by. An aged woman abode there with her son, whose occupation prevented his mingling in the world, though he was careful to exercise hospitality, and was ever ready to open his gate to the weary traveller. He walked on the roof of his house at sun-set, and looked abroad on the deep valley where the shadows of evening had already fallen, when he perceived Sadoc and his companions, at a little

distance, travelling slowly as if they were wearied and in need of some place of rest. He descended and went forth to invite them to pass the night in his dwelling. They gladly followed him, and received the greetings of his mother with respect, as she offered her house for their home as long as they chose to abide. Before the first rites of hospitality were paid, before their feet were washed, and the couches placed for the evening repast, the eager Sadoc had spoken on the subject nearest his heart, and heard with astonishment that no tidings of the excitement which prevailed elsewhere had yet reached this retired abode. So many inquiries were to be answered, so many details of surpassing interest were to be given, that it was late before the guests received the blessing of the night from their hostess: and even then, Sadoc did not retire immediately to his couch. He entered the Alijah, and in that still oratory, lighted only by the pale stars, and visited only by the night breeze, he poured out the thanksgivings with which his soul overflowed, and strove, by the awful offices of devotion, to lay to rest the stirring thoughts which had become too exciting for his repose.

By break of day all was prepared for their departure. The meal was spread, the hostess was ready with her parting blessing, and her son took his staff in his hand, that he might accompany his guests to the verge of the plain which they desired to traverse before noon.

"Return hither, my sons," said the hostess, "that if Jehovah be indeed about to establish the glory of our nation for ever, we may rejoice together. If our hope is vain, let us comfort each other with the words of promise. Let us not be as strangers henceforth. And now, my sons, God be with you on the way, and his angel lead you!"

Their host parted not from their company till they issued from the valleys, and saw before them the plain from the midst of which rises Mount Tabor in solitary grandeur. No other hill swells from the surrounding level to contrast with its height or impair its appearance of singularity. Its sides, towards the summit, were verdant with groves, and its rocky base rose abruptly from the plain. The ascent, though steep, was not long, and at the summit was a level space, whence a vast extent of country could be seen. Sadoc had

often reposed there while he thought on the events which had taken place on this spot, or in scenes on which his eye rested. While the wild animals and birds were his only companions, he had often remembered that he stood where Barak assembled his hosts before he went forth against Sisera; that Sodom and Gomorrah were once visible where now dark exhalations only shewed where they had been built; that the walls of Jericho arose on the horizon, before they fell at the blast of the trumpets of Israel; and that the waters of Jordan might hence be seen, where they parted to admit the passage of the Ark of the Lord. Often had he gazed on the snowy peak of Hermon, and on the sea of Galilee; and often had his eye rested on the town of Nazareth, as it sloped from the ridge of a hill into a deep vale, while he little knew that it would be hereafter sanctified as the abode of the Hope of Israel. Now, as the eyes of the travellers turned towards the mountain, they saw that its wonted stillness and solitude were disturbed. Groups of people were hastening in all directions over the plain towards Tabor; and on the mountain itself, moving figures

could already be discerned. The three companions looked at each other, while joy flashed from their eyes, and they immediately quickened their pace, regardless of the increasing heat. As soon as they arrived within hearing of some who were hastening in the same direction with themselves, they rejoiced at the sound of eager voices exclaiming, "The Teacher," "The Prophet," "Jesus, the son of David." From that moment Sadoc heard and saw nothing of what passed around him. His whole soul was in his eyes, and they were fixed on the outlines of the Mount, where the objects became every moment more distinct. On the masses of rock were people seated. Groups stood beneath the trees. A multitude filled a shaded recess. Every moment the numbers were increased. Hundreds poured through every passage of the rocks. Thousands toiled up the steep pathway. Sadoc listened for voices of praise, for his own heart longed to break forth into singing: but no sound was heard but the rushing of busy feet over the plain. He looked yet again, he shaded his eyes with his hand, that he might see more distinctly, and he beheld, at length,

one who sat apart from the assembled multitude, and above them; one to whom all faces were turned, to whom access appeared impossible from the throngs which surrounded him. A dimness came over the sight of Sadoc as he gazed. He dropped his head and covered his face with his mantle, while, with his companions, he turned towards Jerusalem, and exclaimed, "Now with joy shall we draw water out of the wells of salvation. Exult, O Zion! for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee!"

LIFE IN DEATH.

THE night was stormy, and rough winds swept over the sea of Tiberias, raising the waves and scattering their spray as if it had been the sand of the desert. The moon had set, and the stars were fading before the grey dawn which began to open in the east, while the deep shadows yet lay upon the face of the waters. Even at this hour, when the wild animals were couched in the caves of the rock, and the birds nestled on the pine boughs which were tossed by the blast, man was abroad to contend with nature. In the midst of the deep there were vessels rocking and pitching upon the waves, and men were labouring, with oar and rudder, to master the strength of the elements. In one of these lay Sadoc, the son of Imri. He had toiled at the oar with his companions during part of the night. About the fourth watch he became weary, and giving his place to another, he retired to the stern, to

watch in stillness the event of the storm. He was chilled by the spray which dashed over him, and his soul was awed by the roaring of the winds and waters. He looked towards the east; the dawn was there, but it brightened not; and the dim grey light only shewed the white surges as they broke against the sides of the vessel. Sadoc felt as if alone in the midst of the sea, when the passing gust brought to his ear the voices of men, and told him that others also were struggling in fear. He rose, and attempting to stand firm while the stern was uplifted on the wave, he gazed in the direction whence the voices came. He saw nothing, and again sat down to wait for day; but as he turned, he beheld somewhat moving amidst the showers of spray. Garments fluttered in the blast, and a form like that of a man was shadowed forth to the eye of Sadoc. It glided not on the wind, nor was tossed like one who swims, but made for itself a path among the billows, which rolled aside at its approach, and in an instant closed again. It passed onwards, and disappeared. Sadoc leaned over the side of the vessel, and was well-nigh swallowed up by the surge, when a hand

drew him back, and his companions asked wherefore he despised his life, and cared not for safety.

"Behold! a spirit hath passed," was his reply, as he gazed once more towards the rising of the wind. His companions gazed also, and they beheld a sudden light break upon the waters, where a vessel like their own was crossing the deep. Two men were at the moment ascending the side of the ship, round which a sudden calm was spreading. It spread rapidly afar. The wind breathed its last sigh and was hushed. The waters also were still, and the foam which settled on their surface, alone told that a storm had passed away. The golden sunbeams shot up into the clear firmament from behind the mountains. The palm-groves were motionless; the lightest reed on the margin of the lake bowed not its head; and over the glittering radiance of morning brooded the silence of night.

The boatmen gazed at each other, and at Sadoc, who made a sign that they should row towards the other vessel. When the splash of the oars was once more heard, many tongues

which had been chained through fear were loosed at once, and all demanded of Sadoc,

"What spirit hast thou seen? Whom hath Jehovah sent to hush the storm?"

"Hasten, hasten!" was his reply, as he seized an oar. The vessel clave the waters swiftly, but the other ship was already at Bethsaida.

As soon as they approached the land, Sadoc leaped forth upon the beach, and heard from some who were already gathered together, that the Prophet had gone with his disciples into a desert place, whither the inhabitants of Bethsaida would follow, that he might teach them and heal their sick.

"We saw him retire to the place of prayer on the mountain on the further shore so late as the first watch of yesternight," said one of Sadoc's companions. "And ours was the last vessel which hath crossed."

"It was so," replied Sadoc: "yet the Teacher is here. It was he whom I beheld as a spirit. It was he who hushed the storm."

Sadoc hastened towards the desert place, that he might again learn of the Prophet; but,

by the way, he heard one calling his name. He turned and beheld Elochi, the oldest servant of his father's house. The man bowed not himself till he came so near as to lay hold of Sadoc's garment, the border of which he kissed and placed upon his forehead. Sadoc raised him and touched his cheek, saying,

"Wherefore art thou come hither, Elochi? The court of my father's house is a fitter place for thee. Thy staff will scarce uphold thine age, and thy scrip is a burden to thee."

"Thy father mourneth that thou hast not returned for so long; and I came forth to seek thee, Sadoc, and entreat thee to carry back joy to thy habitation."

"Hath the hand of the Lord smitten any whom I love? Is all well with my father and my mother? Is it well with Michal?"

"All is well; and Michal, thy sister, bade me tell thee that she alone hath not sorrowed for thy absence, for she alone knew wherefore thou hast tarried. But thy mother pineth for thee, and thy father beseecheth the Lord for thee that thou mayest be no more deluded by a false prophet."

"False he is not," replied Sadoc, "and I

will know whether he be the Messiah indeed, before I go back to my father's house."

"Nay, but thy father's anger is fierce against thee."

"It will be so no more when he also shall acknowledge the Teacher," replied Sadoc.

"Yet let his sorrow move thee, if thou fearest not his anger," said the old man. "He weepeth for thee. Be thou his comforter."

Sadoc looked wistfully towards the path which the Teacher had trod: but the old man continued,

"Thy sister endureth reproach for thee, and when her father's anger is upon her, she looketh for thee and thou comest not. Yet she hath hindered me thus far from seeking thee."

Sadoc doubted no longer, but turned his face homeward. He looked sorrowful, but the old man rejoiced. "Tarry not for me," he cried. "My strength is not as thine. Hasten, and I will follow; but say not that I sought thee."

It was mid-day when Sadoc reached his father's house after a toilsome journey of many hours. He entered while the household were

reposing from the heat, in the inner apartments. Michal alone was not on her couch. She reclined beside the fountain in the court. The coolness of the water was more refreshing, and its rippling in the marble basin more soothing to her than sleep. With her was a little child, the first-born of one of the servants of the household. Sadoc gazed on them for a moment from the porch, before he came forth to greet his sister. A smile was upon her lips as the child sported beside her. Her hand grasped him while he dipped his foot in the marble basin, and she laughed silently while she sprinkled him with drops from the fountain. When he began to shout aloud in his mirth, she lifted up her finger and hushed him lest he should awaken the sleepers. His tongue could not yet speak the accents of men, but the murmurs of his infant voice were sweet, as he sprang upon her bosom, and hid his face in the folds of her garment. When she saw some one moving within the porch, she hastily drew her veil over her face, and arose.

"The blessing of Jehovah be upon thee,

Michal, my sister!" said Sadoc, as he advanced.

"O, my brother! is it thou?" replied Michal, while the flush of joy crimsoned her cheek. "A blessing be upon thy coming in, as there doubtless was upon thine out-going! Mine eyes rejoice to behold thee, and my heart yearneth for tidings. This hour is for thee and me. Hasten to refresh thyself and come hither."

Sadoc cast himself down beside the fountain, and sought not yet other refreshment than his sister's words. She prepared him for reproof from his father, and besought him to be patient. She asked him of the Teacher, and he poured out his soul to her. He answered when Michal asked of mighty works, of the sick that were healed, and of the sorrowing hearts which, by power from on high, were made to sing for joy; but there were other things in which he rejoiced yet more. He told her how the long-promised kingdom drew nigh, and how sure were its blessings and glories, though they must be won by toils and sorrows. He repeated the words of the Teacher, and

they were glad together over some which were full of promise; they pondered together some which were mysterious; they sighed together over some few sayings which seemed at variance with the sanctified word of Jehovah. While listening to such, Sadoc had feared to offer himself as one of the twelve men whom Jesus had chosen to be his companions and his helpers in his doctrine and his works. While listening to such, Sadoc had resolved to know all before he should seek to convert his father's household; and he now grieved that he should have nothing to answer if his father should question him concerning them. No preparation was yet made against their Roman conquerors; and the words of the Prophet tended to lower the confidence of the chosen people, and to subvert some of their customs which were sanctified by tradition and the authority of the scribes.

Sadoc beheld how his sister's eye still rested on the child, while they talked. He marvelled that she should have eyes or attention for any but himself, at this time. She started when the little one escaped from her grasp; and she gazed on his face with tenderness and, as it seemed, with awe.

"Hast thou no other hour for sport with the little one?" said Sadoc gravely. "I fear lest thou shouldst not have gathered up all the words of the Prophet which I have repeated to thee; for thine eyes have been fixed on the face of the child, and thy hand hath controlled his sports from the first moment of our greeting."

"I have heard all, my brother, and I have listened with a deeper love because this little one hath been upon my knees. When I think of our Prophet, this child is as a sign of his presence unto me; and when thou goest in to plead with my father, thou shalt take the little one in thine arms, and he shall confirm thy words."

Sadoc understood not, and gazed at his sister in doubt.

Michal held up the child's face towards him and said,

"Salute his cheek, but bless him not. It is rather his part to bless thee. He is sanctified; he is not as one of us. He hath been called out of the world, and by the power of the Lord restored to it again. He hath come forth again from God, pure as on the day of his first birth; therefore do I feel that the

spirit of God is yet newly breathed into him, and therefore do I look upon so young a child with awe."

Sadoc silently took the child between his knees, and bowed his head unto him. The little one clasped his neck, and a light laugh rang through the court. Tears fell fast among his bright locks, as Sadoc pressed him more closely to his bosom.

"We will nurture him tenderly," said Michal, "and when he is grown, he shall be devoted to the Lord, even as Samuel. He shall declare in the temple what Jehovah hath done for him. He was in a deeper sleep than Samuel ever slept, when the Lord spake and his young servant heard."

"Not only in the temple shall he declare it," replied Sadoc, "but wherever the Prophet shall be known. O, tell me, my sister, tell me if he hath been here."

"He hath not, Sadoc. This child, the first-born of Rachel, had languished many days, and on the Sabbath before the last, we hoped no more that he could live. His limbs, which now embrace thee, were stretched out powerless; his lips, which now press thine, were

drawn apart by his last struggle with death. I watched beside him with his mother. She covered her face when his sighs were heard no more. I felt that his heart beat not. I lifted his cold hand, and it dropped lifeless. When I heard the wailings of his mother, I cried, 'Would that the Prophet had been here!' Then Rachel stilled her grief, and wrapped the child in her mantle, and departed with her husband to seek the help which her faith deserved."

"And didst thou not follow?"

"Alas! my father mocked at our faith, and forbade my going forth, and told how Rachel would return mourning, as she went out. I held my peace and watched, fearing only lest the Prophet should have departed. For two long days, I heard no tidings; two nights, my father asked with a smile where was the child. Twice I watched at dawn from the house-top, for the approach of a multitude, or the sound of well-known voices. Twice I prayed through the watches of the night, that this young child might be raised up to glorify the Lord, and to bring faith unto our household. On the third day at even ——"

"He lived, he came! Speak, Michal!"

"On the third day at even, I slept, for I was faint with watching. The murmur of voices awoke me, and I looked from my lattice into the court. The slaves had gathered together round the fountain, I knew not wherefore. At the sound of my voice they turned, and lo! in the midst this child stood alone, no longer wasted with sickness, but even as thou seest him now. I had had faith while I saw him not, that he would indeed live again; but now that I beheld him, he seemed as a spirit. His eyes were fixed on the lattice, and he moved not; but when I unveiled my face, he stretched his arms towards me, and I knew by his cry of joy that he was indeed the child whom I had mourned."

"And my father, did he behold also? And did Rachel bring thee tidings of the Mighty One?"

"I sought Rachel, and she wept, because my father yet scorned her faith, and him who had blessed it unto her. Ask her thyself how the Prophet spake, and how, as he gazed on the face of the dead, the eyes of the child unclosed, the bloom returned to his cheek, and

he smiled on his mother once again. She shall tell thee how Jesus also smiled upon her joy, and pointed on high when she fell at his feet."

Michal held her peace while Sadoc mused. At length he said,

"Would that this child had the tongue of a man, that we might know the secrets that are hidden in the sepulchre!"

"I have thought," replied Michal, "that though our meditation hath been high as the firmament, and deep as the sea, this little one knoweth what we cannot yet know of death. I thirst for tidings, as the traveller in the desert for the water springs. I have gazed into those eyes as they were fixed in thought. I have hearkened to his murmurs in sleep, if perchance an angel should have entered into his form. But there is no light nor music as yet shed through the darkness and silence of the grave."

"By Jehovah alone can they be given, Michal; for our thoughts cannot measure the depth of the tomb; else thou and I had not doubted still."

"Yet our teachers say that there is life in

death: and I verily believe it. The holy prophets have believed it, when they have been cast out from among men. They who have died in torments for the faith have believed it, and many who have mourned, and many who have been condemned under the law, and many who have died in a strange land."

"I also have hope," replied Sadoc, "but all the days of my life would I give into the hand of the Lord to know of a truth that the spirit dieth not. And thou, child, hast been among the dead! Hast thou slept as if the shadows of night were around thee? Or hast thou beheld Jehovah when he called forth the host of heaven? Hast thou been with him when he shook the earth, and uttered his thunders among the hills? Or hast thou found him in the holy of holies, and rested with him between the cherubim; or seen his spirit descend upon his Prophet; or gone forth with his angels to the ends of the earth and the fountains of the deep? O! that thy tongue could tell what thine eye hath seen!"

"If he hath seen these glories," replied Michal, "the body is again unto his spirit as a cloud which hideth the sun."

"We will watch for light within the cloud, Michal. If he should hereafter dream of wanderings among the stars, or aught besides that we have not known, we will hearken to his words, and ask of the Teacher concerning them."

"The Teacher may have knowledge of this very thing, Sadoc. He is mightier than the prophets of old, and to him it may be given to shew us somewhat of a life beyond the grave."

"If he be the Messiah, he will tell us all things: and blessed are the ears which shall hear the truth concerning death. No angel hath yet told it; but let Jehovah speak by his Anointed, and all the families of the earth shall bow themselves to hear."

It was evening when Sadoc walked on the house-top with Imri, his father. The wrath of Imri had risen as it was wont when he heard the name of Jesus of Nazareth.

"Thou hast stood in the synagogue from thy youth upwards, my son, and knowest thou not that out of Nazareth there ariseth no prophet?"

"I have also heard, my father, that Jehovah hath said, 'Whoever shall not hearken unto

the words which my Prophet shall speak in my name, I will require it of him.'"

"Jehovah hath also said, that the Prophet whom he hath not sent shall die. Beware, then, my son."

"If the thing follow not which the Prophet hath declared, he is false; but if it follow, they that refuse to hearken shall die. Jesus hath spoken and the winds are hushed, the lepers shew themselves to the priest, and the very dead arise to glorify the Mighty One."

"There are evil powers, my son, and they have beguiled thee. Let not a child of Abraham be an outcast from Israel. Return from following after this man, lest the curse of my old age should be upon thee."

"Curse me not, my father, but hear me."

"Repeat once again, Sadoc, what thy false Teacher hath said; and when thou hast declared all that is in thy heart, hold thy peace, lest thou be cast out of the synagogue as a blasphemer."

Sadoc stood still while he replied,

"If the promise I have heard be not fulfilled even as the grape yieldeth its juice in

the wine press; if the words of the Prophet be not as fruitful seed let fall among the furrows; if his doctrine be not to the spirit of man like the early and the latter rain unto fields that are parched with drought; if in our day Israel be not exalted over all the earth, let me be cast forth as a blasphemer. I will abide in the caves of the rock, and the lair of beasts shall be my couch. The word of the Prophet is high as Lebanon; Carmel is less fruitful, and the water-brooks are not so pure."

"What is this word, my son? Speak, and then be silent for ever concerning this deceiver."

"The spirit of Jehovah is on this man, my father. He comes to fulfil the law and the prophets."

"Nay, but, my son, he eats with unwashen hands, and permits others to do so. Holier was he, the master in Israel, who chose to perish of thirst rather than not wash with the little water he had."

"But, my father, our Rabbins themselves agree not concerning this matter; and some suffer us to eat fruits with unwashen hands.

This Prophet is greater than they. He speaketh woe against the Hebrew who breaketh the least of the commandments of Moses."

"Said he not also that the Pharisees were not righteous?—the holy Pharisees, the borders of whose garments he is not worthy to uplift! Doth he not intermeddle also with the thoughts of the heart, which are a man's own, and which none but Jehovah knoweth?"

"Out of the heart, my father, proceed obedience and rebellion. A man cannot obey the law unless his heart be right with God. If the heart be pure, the actions will be clean, even as waters which are not defiled at their source."

"Hold thy peace, Sadoc! Knoweth not a man that which is within him? I myself have kept the law as few have kept it, and what is it to thee,—how knowest thou, what is in mine heart?"

Sadoc looked down and held his peace.

"Tell me," said his father, "if this Jesus hath given any new commandment which shall be joined to the law. Hath he ordained new sacrifices? Hath he added to the ceremonies of the temple? Hath he imposed new forms

of worship on the sons and daughters of Israel? Nay, rather he scorns our holy traditions."

"He hath imposed no forms, my father, but he giveth precepts. He commandeth to love, to make peace, to worship in pureness of heart, in solitude rather than before a multitude. He biddeth us to seek holiness rather than riches and honour, and saith that to repent is better than sacrifice."

"All these things," replied Imri, "are such as the meanest of the earth may understand and do. The Gentiles themselves might be followers of thy Prophet thus far. He careth not for the honour of our nation if these be the precepts he gives. When he shall tell thee to worship more strictly, when he shall multiply thy fasts, and bid thee pray oftener, and call on thee for more gifts and sacrifices, come unto me again and I will hear thee. But not until then."

Imri turned away in wrath. Sadoc's bosom also swelled with high thoughts; but remembering the meekness of the Teacher, he spake not again, but sat down to meditate.

After a while, he saw that Imri gazed into the street below. Sadoc also looked, and be-

hold! the Prophet passed by. None was with him but two of his chosen disciples; but Paltiel, the friend of Sadoc, followed behind; for whither the Teacher went, he went also. They passed slowly and silently along, for no man knew him, and the shadows of even had fallen. Sadoc made a sign to Paltiel to tarry, and instantly threw himself at Imri's feet.

"My father!" he cried, "let my request find favour with thee. Open thy gates to this man, that he may abide this one night. Hear him, and if his words are evil, cast me forth with him for ever. If good, salvation hath come unto thy house."

Michal, who had drawn near unperceived, also laid hold of the garment of Imri, beseeching him; but he withdrew it from her grasp, and glanced angrily upon them, and turned, and entered the Alijah to pray for mercy on his rebellious children, and for condemnation on the false Prophet and all who should believe on him. Michal fell on her brother's neck, and they wept together.

"The honour shall not be ours, Sadoc, to welcome the messenger of Jehovah. O that I might spread his couch and set food before

him, and hearken to his words in our dwelling!"

"Yet thou didst fear to meet him awhile ago, my sister."

"Rachel's first-born had not then died, and I had not heard the wisdom which thou hast since told me."

"I will hear it again; behold, I go forth even now," said Sadoc.

"Seek him," said Michal, "and ask concerning the life in death. If he shall tell thee that the spirit indeed lives while the body decays, I will no longer fear to die; nor will I despair if thou shouldst first depart, my brother!"

They descended to the porch, after Sadoc had prepared himself to go forth. Michal closed the gate when her brother had disappeared in the darkness, and retired to her chamber to meditate and pray.

Jesus of Nazareth had sent away his disciples, and retired alone among the hills. Sadoc dared not approach him this night; but he drew nigh unto the place, that he might see him as he returned to Capernaum. He laid himself down in the mouth of a cave, and slept

till the crimson dawn began to break. He rose and worshiped, and immediately climbed the hill to look around. Beneath him was a valley, whence the blue mists were rolling away. Around him were hills, some rocky, others green and fair; for the verdure was renewed by the dews of the night. On the side of one eminence was a grove, where pines waved their dark boughs in the ruddy light, where wild olives spread forth their leafy branches, and the pomegranate hung forth its rich fruits. Thither Sadoc hastened, and while he made for himself a path among the shrubs, their freshness and odour were pleasant to him. There was, in the midst, an open space, where a spring watered the grass. The rose of Jericho flourished here, and the wild bees hummed around the stem on which flickered the beams and shadows of the morning.

Hither had the Prophet retired. Above him spread a terebinth of a thousand years: around his feet clustered the field lilies, which spring and fade in a day. Beholding Sadoc, he stretched forth his arm to invite him to draw nigh. The son of Imri bowed himself, saying,

"The spirit of thy servant is sunk within

him, for he knoweth not whether, in death, he shall live again. Our life fadeth even as these flowers. Shall the spirit of the man who planted this tree abide when it hath fallen, and stand for ever in the Paradise of God?"

SONGS OF PRAISE.

THE last day of the feast of Tabernacles drew to a close. At the ninth hour, the evening sacrifice had been offered, while the courts of the temple were filled with the multitude of worshipers who had assembled to keep holy day. Those courts, ever beautiful, now appeared to the eye in unwonted beauty. Verdure waved from the walls, and branches of myrtle, palm, and pomegranate, overshadowed the throng beneath. The golden vine which surmounted the entrance of the sanctuary, glittered in the slanting rays of the sun, while the curling smoke of the censer yet wreathed around the holy place, and issued forth, in an odorous cloud, through the parted curtains which overhung the sacred threshold. While the eyes of some sought the holiest entrance, which no foot must pass save that of the

High Priest when he made intercession for the sins of the people, others gazed on the remains of the sacrifice which yet hallowed the altar, and on the priests who were ranged on its sloping ascent, each bearing the sacred vessel of which he had the charge. A burst of harmony startled the throng, and sent a thrill of rapture through every frame. Loud and louder it pealed, till every echo of the lofty pile was awakened, and the music seemed to pervade the space, as if it were embodied in the perfume of the censer. All eyes were turned towards the Water-gate, every cheek was flushed, every voice was stilled, while the harmony gradually softened, and at length the silver trumpets alone were heard to make sweet melody. The folding doors of the Water-gate were flung apart, and the priest appeared who had descended to the stream of Siloah which waters the foot of Moriah. There he had filled his golden ewer, in remembrance of the gift of water to the thirsting followers of Moses, and in sign of thankfulness for the early and latter rains, and now offered the pure produce of the spring to be mingled with the wine of sacrifice. The music ceased for a

moment, while the voice of the priest declared, "With joy we draw water from the wells of salvation," and while the multitude echoed his words with a shout of rejoicing. Another burst of music succeeded, which almost drowned the chaunting of the Levites. When it had once more sunk into silence, the High Priest appeared on the summit of the ascent, clothed in the pontifical garments, and spread forth his hands to bless the people, while they bowed their faces to the ground.

The service of the temple was now over; but ere the hum of voices and the trampling of feet was heard, as the multitude departed to their tabernacles, a single voice arose, inviting such as thirsted to drink of living waters, purer than ever gushed from the spring of Siloah.

Until now, one spirit had pervaded the place and stirred up all hearts. The multitude had been as one man in the pride of having Abraham for their common father, in the hope that a son of David would arise as their Messiah, and in the glory of worshiping according to the law of Moses. But when this voice was uplifted, the spirit of peace fled

away. Yet it was a voice of gentleness and love; a voice so unlike that of the scribes in their teachings, that many who had before felt it sink down into their hearts, breathed forth, while they bowed the head, "of a truth this is the Prophet." Still there were hearts which those accents could not reach. Busy whispers, angry murmurs, were heard. In the presence of Jehovah, was his messenger scorned. While music and incense yet hung around the sacred walls, evil passions were aroused against the Lord's Anointed.

The throng thickened around him as he spake, though the scribes uplifted their voices in the courts, inviting the people to hear the law expounded. They sat down in the high places, and unrolled the records of the law; but no man came unto them. The Levites stood on the fifteen steps and sang psalms; but no one regarded. The elders of the people, and some members of the Sanhedrim, repaired to the Court of the Women with torches in their hands, and performed sacred dances, as was their wont at the times of the feasts; but none gazed save the women who filled the galleries above. At length, the expound-

ers of the law returned their scrolls to the attendants, and went out, one by one, grieved at their hearts that a teacher had arisen mightier than themselves; the Levites ceased their songs, and retired to the inner courts; and the members of the council withdrew to consult how they might destroy the false prophet whom they now left with the multitude.

Yet not governing the multitude did they leave him. There were many who heard him not: many who despised, many who rejected him. His brethren stood apart with other Galileans, and some who were of Jerusalem.

"Wherefore," said one, "did this prophet, thy brother, not teach on the first day of the feast? Our people were gathered together even as now, and were not afterwards dispersed as they shall be this night. If his words are worthy to be received, wherefore should they not have sanctified the rites of the temple, as the prophets of Jehovah hallowed the worship of old?"

"Ask not of us," said his brethren, "for we know not. Neither call him one of us, for we are not with him in this matter."

"What did ye on the way? Men say that

it is his custom to teach as he journeys: did ye gainsay his words?"

"He journeyed not with us, and herein, we judge, hath he proved himself false. We besought him to shew his doctrine to the world, if, as he saith, he is come to save the world. But he said he went not up yet to the feast, because his time was not fully come."

"And would he have hindered others also?"

"Nay; for he said our time was always ready. He also went forth with us, and discoursed concerning our abode at Jerusalem: and when we turned aside from Jordan, he saluted us and tarried alone on its banks till we had lost sight of him. And now, behold him here!"

"Who hath told him that his hour is fully come?"

"Again we say we know not. Ask himself."

"Knowest thou not," said a priest unto one who asked him concerning Jesus—"knowest thou not that the Messiah shall suddenly come into his temple; not as a worshiper, like this man, but with the manifest glory of Jehovah? Often, when the temple-gates were

closed, have I sought to know whether a spirit from on high was shut in among us. Often, when I have heard the footsteps of the guard, or their cry of 'All is peace,' in the night watches, I have listened for an answering voice from the depths of the sanctuary. When I have asked, 'Is it light towards Hebron?' I have watched for a heavenly messenger descending on the roof of the temple with the first beam of the morning. My dreams are often of the Holiest place, which mine eye hath not seen, and where my foot may never enter; and there hath my spirit beheld one descending from above in the glory of Jehovah, and issuing from the portal even as the morning sun from behind his curtain of clouds in the east. But of this man, no one knoweth when first he entered the temple. The Messiah cometh not thus."

"Yet the day of the Lord is surely at hand."

"I verily believe it; and though mine eyes wax dim, I yet trust to see the light which cometh to them that sit in darkness."

"At least, draw nigh with me and hearken

to the words of the Teacher, lest thou lose that for which thou hast waited so long."

"May the wrath of Jehovah be upon me if I give ear unto the blasphemer who taketh his name in vain!" cried the priest, as he hastened away. His companion turned towards the voice which still spake, sometimes with authority declaring high truths, and sometimes answering the questions of those who stood around.

At the feet of Jesus sat Paltiel, who drank of the waters of life as if his soul thirsted with a thirst which could not be quenched. On the shoulder of Paltiel leaned Sadoc, his friend. Sadoc had come up to the feast with a longing desire to see again the hope of Israel. From the gates of Capernaum to the foot of Sion, he had looked around for the form which was sacred in his eyes; but he beheld it not during his journey. He had sought Jesus in the temple, in the city, and among the tabernacles, and sought in vain, till, as he bowed beneath the blessing of the High Priest, the voice he loved had touched his soul. Now, as the eye of the Prophet rested on him, he stea-

dily met that gaze; and as words fraught with deep and holy meaning fell upon his ear, he was not satisfied with hearing, but sought to understand.

Intent to listen, he heeded not the confusion of moving feet, nor the murmur of many tongues, nor did he mark that some had entered from whom every one drew apart. But when the glance of the Teacher passed from him to some who stood behind, and when the discourse was changed and the Prophet darkly said unto certain of the throng, that his hour was not yet come, Sadoc turned and saw with sorrow and shame that men sent by the rulers were about to lay hands on the Holy One. He flung aside his robe, and prepared himself to resist. Paltiel also sprang upon his feet; but once again they met the eye of the Prophet as he repeated that his hour was not yet come. They believed and paused. The servants of the rulers paused also. They hearkened awhile, loosening hold of their staves. Sadoc also was again intent; and when the Teacher ceased after the evening shades had fallen, his disciples saw that none were near but such as bowed themselves before him. If there were

adversaries, they had departed; and if the hour of impious violence was indeed to come, it was not when the finger of silence hushed the multitude within the sanctuary.

When the Teacher had gone forth to the Mount of Olives to repose himself in a tabernacle of a vineyard, the people dispersed themselves through the city, and none but the priests remained in the temple.

Sadoc and Paltiel went out with Ozias, at whose habitation they abode; and Phares, the son of Ozias, was with them also. They were thoughtful and mute, till they reached the tabernacle on the roof of the dwelling of Ozias. As they entered, the women of the household met them, and invited them to sit down and eat the last repast which should be spread in the tabernacle. The feast was rich, and the tabernacle was yet fair; the citrons hanging among the leafy boughs, and the carpets being bestrewn with flowers; yet was not the company mirthful. Songs of joy, and voices of mirth, were brought to their ears by the night breeze which passed over the bowers of the city; but in the tabernacle of Ozias, these sounds found no echo. There was no sorrow,

for who would dare to mourn on the gayest day of the most joyful of the feasts? But deep thoughts were working in the bosoms of those who had even now left the temple, and the women were silent when they knew what was in the hearts of their friends. The last cup of wine was blessed by Ozias, and drunk in silence with deep joy; and when the company had arisen to receive the benediction of their host, Sadoc prayed in spirit that ere they should again be assembled beneath a roof of boughs, the people of Jehovah should have become children of his new kingdom; and he trusted that at the next feast of joy, a loftier song of thanksgiving should arise from the holy city, and the Messiah be enthroned in the midst, instead of reposing, as now, in a vineyard on the Mount of Olives. While thus dreaming of the future, he plucked from the wall of the tabernacle a tuft of the pomegranate, which he hid in his bosom as a memorial of the most blessed feast which he had yet attended.

The company left the tabernacle to enter it no more; and, as they stood beneath the stars, they looked around on the scene of festivity.

Lamps were in every tabernacle. They shone brightly amid the bowers on the neighbouring housetops; they sent up their mingled radiance from the streets and porches, and glimmered on the mount of Olives and the neighbouring hills. As the night breeze blew chill, the lights were one by one extinguished. The women, the children and aged persons, withdrew to their couches, and the murmurs of the city sank into silence. The lights of heaven seemed to glow more brightly as the darkness drew over the earth. By midnight the lamp of Ozias was alone left burning. On his roof there were watchers who held discourse while others slept. Their voices were soft, so that the ripplings of Kedron were heard from beneath, while the yellow light from the deserted bower, gleaming on their thoughtful brows and moving lips, shewed that their communion was of the deep and lofty things which can best be spoken at dead of the night.

"It is said," declared Ozias, "that he prepareth himself for enmity on the part of the people as well as their rulers. I fear, Sadoc, lest he should not be enthroned in the midst of our tabernacles, as thou dreamest."

"That his doctrine will be gainsaid and himself persecuted, I fully believe," replied Sadoc; "for when hath Israel received gladly a prophet from on high? But Jehovah shall surely establish his truth by this his greatest messenger."

"Truly, we are a rebellious people," said Paltiel. "When I think how Moses was troubled in spirit all the days of his life, how Elijah hungered in the desert, how Isaiah was tortured in body, and Jeremiah mourned in his heart, I weep and take up the words of lamentation, because Jerusalem hath grievously sinned. I cannot but fear lest the wrath of Jehovah should visit us to avenge his holy one."

"Yet herein is his tender mercy shewn," said Phares, "that he hath sent unto us one so great."

"But what saith he if we receive him not? 'Behold, I am against thee, O thou most proud, saith the Lord God of Hosts.' If he be against us, who shall save us?"

"But the people may yet believe and be saved," said Sadoc. "No man yet layeth hands on him, though the Pharisees seek to destroy him. He is mightier than other pro-

phets, and all hearts may be subdued before him."

"Nay, my friend," replied Paltiel, "the hearts of our people are as a stony soil; the words of wisdom are to them as a stream which floweth on and passeth away, and leaveth them as barren as before. Our rulers have ever been the destroyers of the prophets, and Zion is their sepulchre. When they have lifted up their voices, the people have mocked; when they have wrought wonders, the spirit which is upon them hath been despised; when they have hungered, no man hath ministered unto them; when they have mourned, none hath regarded. If a man is holy, he is despised; if he offereth life, he findeth death; if he seeketh to bless the people, he is stoned by their hands. Thus it hath been, and thus it shall be, with this nation."

"Nay, Paltiel," said his friend, "now thou speakest too much evil of thy people. Rememberest thou not that Jehovah hath part with us in this matter; hath he not promised, and is not his promise sure?"

"As the pillars of the earth, and the sign of the rainbow in the cloud. But the word of

Jesus is sure also, and he saith that Jerusalem, the murderess of the prophets, shall lift up her hand against him also."

Sadoc was silent, but Ozias asked,

"Saith he this in wrath or in calmness?"

"The Holy One knoweth not wrath," replied Paltiel, solemnly. "In the calmness of one who surely knows, but with the sorrow of one who mourns, he hath declared that he shall die by the hands of the people he came to save. Mine ears have heard this from him; mine eyes shall be upon him, while he yet liveth; and when he is departed, my heart shall be with him continually, while I pray for mercy on this people."

"Rather pray for the outpouring of wrath," cried Phares.

"The Teacher prayeth not so, and neither will I," said Paltiel. "He mourneth not for himself, but for us and for our children."

Paltiel stooped down, hiding his face in his mantle, while all were silent.

"Then he feareth not to die," said Ozias, at length.

"His love for his nation overcometh his fear," replied Sadoc.

"Who would fear to die in the cause of Jehovah?" exclaimed Paltiel, proudly raising himself, and looking round on his companions. "Life is sweet, and it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun; but the favour of God is sweeter than life, and to gaze on his glory is better than to stand in the sunshine of noon. They are blessed who witness the prosperity of Jerusalem, the peace of her dwellings, and the pomp of her palaces; but he is also blessed who suffereth to redeem her. Jesus mourneth not for himself, and I mourn not for him, but for his followers, and yet more for such as despise and reject him."

"Thy words are lofty, Paltiel," said Ozias; "is thy courage also high? Couldst thou also die for the people?"

"Jehovah hath no such honour for one like me," replied Paltiel, as he gazed towards the pinnacles of the temple. "There he abideth; let his voice he heard calling me from his holy place, and I will answer. On such as I, his spirit is not poured forth, else would I uplift my voice as the holy men of old, and none should make me afraid. It cannot be that one like myself should be needed to witness unto

death in his cause: else should my blood flow at the foot of his altar as freely as the blood of the evening sacrifice: the joy of my spirit should overcome the pangs of the body, and men should account the day of my death better than the day of my birth."

He ceased, and none answered, for voices were heard below, asking for him and Sadoc, the son of Imri. Men were sent by the rulers to bring them before the council, that they might tell somewhat concerning Jesus of Nazareth. Ozias feared for them, but dared not resist the orders of the Sanhedrim. Sadoc arose without delay, and went down to the gate. As Paltiel passed the entrance of the tabernacle, a gleam from the dying lamp shone on his countenance, and shewed that it was also lighted by fire from within.

Ozias and his son followed the two friends to the place where the council was sitting, which was in one of the apartments of the temple; but they were obliged to remain without while Paltiel and Sadoc were led before the rulers. The time wore away slowly, and when the cock crew, and no one came forth from the council-chamber, Ozias feared lest his guests

should be indeed in peril. The guard had finished their nightly round, the watchman had announced the dawn, the temple gates were thrown open, and the altar was prepared for the sacrifice, before Paltiel and Sadoc were released. They spake lightly of their peril to their anxious friends. They had done nothing worthy of punishment, and the rulers could only warn them not to follow Jesus of Nazareth.

"What will ye therefore do?" inquired Ozias.

"That which we have done thus far," replied Paltiel. "We shall listen again, that we may not do as Nicodemus saith the council hath done,—judge a man without having heard him."

"But if they should perceive that ye heed not their warnings,—if ye should be brought before the council again!"

"Then again will we declare whatsoever we know of this Prophet; and they shall judge him and us. If they send us away as now, all is well: if they inflict punishment on us, all is well also, if our hearts condemn us not."

"Behold!" cried Sadoc, "the Teacher entereth the temple. Let us go and warn him that spies are around him, and that many seek to ensnare him in his words."

"He knoweth what is in men's hearts before their tongues declare it," answered Paltiel. "He discerneth spirits by his wisdom, and he hath power to save himself from the hands of violent men. Nevertheless, we will go unto him; for where should the disciple be but at the feet of his Lord?"

At eventide, the Prophet reposed on the Mount of Olives. His disciples were gathered around him, and their talk was of the sanctuary which arose before them, and which was one day to be destroyed. The valley of Kedron lay below them, and beyond arose the hill Moriah, crowned with the buildings of the temple. The wall of Solomon, whose height was five hundred feet, seemed the bulwark of an edifice which must endure for ever; and as the disciples gazed, they marvelled by what power the mighty mass should be overthrown, and whether the hand of man could so cast its stones abroad that not one should rest upon another. After a while, some one beheld a

company moving along the valley at a distance. They were at first scarcely discerned among the willows which overhung the bed of the torrent, and the cedars, whose long shadows were cast over the pathway; but it was soon perceived that they were approaching the mount.

"They are way-faring men," said one who reclined by Sadoc's side. "There is dust on their raiment, and they are shod as for a journey."

"I have seen such in the early part of the day," said Phares, "approaching from Bethlehem; and I marvelled that they turned aside unto this valley."

"Other such I also beheld coming from Gibeon, and yet more from the valley of Ajalon," said another disciple. "I went down to the gate of Ephraim to meet them, and seek tidings from Gibeon: but the pilgrims came not, and one told me they had skirted the city unto the valley of Kedron. Who are they that thus gather together from the north and from the south?"

While they thus spake, music arose on the still air. The voices of the pilgrims were

heard from afar, mingling in a song of greeting to Zion, and of praise to the King of the Holy City. The song swelled into a shout of triumph as they drew nearer; but when they beheld the company on the mount, and him who sat in the midst, the chorus sank into silence, and every head was bowed in obeisance.

Sadoc glanced over their numbers, and then looked upon the countenance of Jesus, and immediately knew that the seventy disciples had returned from bearing glad tidings unto the cities of Israel. At the voice of the Teacher they upraised themselves, and when he smiled they pressed forwards to the place where he was.

A tale of joy was on every tongue, a blessing swelled in every heart on that name which had given them power. One, of a mighty frame, like the giants of old, had trod on scorpions, and returned unharmed. One, meek in countenance and frail in form, had gone forth as among wolves, with trembling; but now approached gladly, as a lamb that seeketh the fold at night-fall. Some told how a great city had received the tidings of salvation, and how the wayfarer in the wilderness had heark-

ened and been converted. One from whom a demon had been cast out, sank down at the feet of Jesus, having followed even thus far the disciple who had restored him. When all had told how sin and sorrow had fled before their steps, and how the spirit of the Lord had wrought through them in all the land, the Teacher uplifted his voice to give to Jehovah the glory and the praise.

Then the psalm of thanksgiving burst forth once again, as the full moon shone on the mountain side. It was heard afar into the desert. The robbers who were coming forth to despoil the traveller, slunk back into their caves. The wild ass, while snuffing the night air, heard and turned to the sound. The stork fluttered among the cedar boughs, and the eagle flapped her wings over her nest in the high rock. The temple guard paused as they patrolled the walls, to listen to a holier song than Levites ever uttered. Sweet had been the melody of voices in the courts of the sanctuary, in honour of the God of the Hebrews; but now, within a loftier temple, lighted by the fires of the firmament, arose a richer harmony to glorify Jehovah, the Lord of all the earth.

THE

WILDERNESS GLADDENED.

On a sandy plain in the desert of Ziph, were huts scattered, wherein dwelt lepers who had been driven from Jericho and from Hebron. To these lepers, life seemed no longer to be desired, for weariness of body and sorrow of heart were their portion.

Two among them, Jotham who once dwelt in Mamre, and Philip of Jericho, lay on the ground within the hut, and spake mournfully one to the other, while the wintry blast chilled their aching limbs, and groans from without mingled with the sighing of the winds.

"Blaspheme not, my brother!" said Philip. "We have received good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not also receive evil?"

"Am I thy brother?" cried Jotham. "I am brother to no man. I am cut off as if the

sepulchre had closed over me. Would it were even so!"

"Alas! we are brethren," replied Philip: "our lot is cast in the same place, and the days of our years must we fulfil in like sorrow of spirit. But we will endure, even as Job laid his finger on his lips and bowed himself."

"The latter end of Job was greater than the beginning," replied Jotham, "and the Lord recompensed unto him for all that he had borne. With us, shall it not be so. Our bones and our flesh decay as if we were already dead, and there is no hand that can heal us. Therefore mourn I that I have lived, and sigh for the day of my death."

"Let us rather give thanks for the peace of former days."

"Thou canst do thus, Philip, because thy spirit is not sunk as mine. Thou camest forth but of late; I have lingered here too long. The voices of glad spirits are yet in thine ear; but to me they are as a dream; and the dark thoughts of my heart are alone with me in the night seasons. Thou canst meditate on the teachings of the synagogue, though thy foot shall not again pass the

threshold, and delight thyself in the feasts of our nation, though thou shalt go up to Zion no more. But from my memory the wisdom of the scribes hath departed; and as for rejoicing, I know no longer what it is. Only when the sun glares on the sandy plain, I remember the citron-groves of Mamre. The voice of the reapers also among the corn, and the mirth of children while the olives are shaken into the lap, come back unto me when the blast sweeps over us, as now."

He gathered his mantle round him as he trembled with the cold. Philip's frame was also shaken as he watered the ground with tears. Jotham had grieved his spirit; yet he reproached him not.

"If our limbs were strong to toil," said Jotham, after a while, "if our own hands could till the ground and gather food till we die, we might endure with a greater patience. Then no man should approach, and none should scorn or fear us. The eagle and the pelican alone should look upon us while we live, and none but the raven and the jackal should know where our bones are stretched on the earth. But our strength departeth in the day

of youth. No leper diggeth the ground, or scattereth seed. What other hands give us, we eat; if they withhold, we die. When they scorn us, we cannot avenge ourselves; if they flee, we may not pursue. When they with whom we once abode draw nigh, we must retire. When they behold our vessels empty, they sigh; when the food they bring is not consumed, they rejoice that we are dead."

"Nay, my brother!" said Philip, "afflict not thus thyself and me. Well I know that we shall rejoice no more in the seeing of the eye, and the hearing of the ear; yet I have hope; for I verily believe that there is a paradise beyond the sepulchre where we shall be gathered under the tree of life with Abraham our father, and with our brethren of Israel."

"Let thy faith sustain thee even now then, while the tempest beateth on our dwellings," said Jotham. "The time was when I battled with the storm, and gazed into the firmament for the lightning. But now fear hath seized me, though I desire to die; and when the mutterings of the earth and sky are heard, my spirit melteth in me."

While he yet spake, clouds of sand were raised around the huts of the lepers. Thunders burst over head, and hail rattled as if the armies of heaven made war against the wretched few who abode in the desert. Philip and Jotham kept silence, for one was in terror and the other prayed. At length one who was also a leper entered with haste, and said that a wayfarer who had been warned from their abode, yet persisted to approach.

"He is a stranger in the land," said Philip, as he rose to go forth. "He knoweth not wherefore we dwell apart, and seeketh shelter from the storm. I will warn him yet again, that the joy of his life be not periled by us."

Jotham would fain have restrained him, for he yearned to behold once again the face of one who mingled among men, and could bring tidings of any who yet rejoiced in the light of the sun; but Philip went forth and cried with a strong voice in the blast. The words "Unclean! Unclean!" were heard by all the unclean, and by the stranger also. He beheld how the leper by his gestures forbade him to approach; yet he turned not to depart, but

smiled and beckoned with his hand as he made greater speed.

The lepers crowded around him, when they found it was his will to abide until sunrise. He told them of the Prophet and his mighty works, and expounded unto them his doctrine; but he declared not that power had been given unto himself. They all sought to know more of the Saviour of Israel; and Philip, whose heart was given unto the Scriptures, had faith, and desired to learn of this great Teacher. Jotham believed not; for unto him no tidings were glad, and hope had left his heart long before.

The night wore away while the disciple yet opened unto them the gospel, and none were weary. A new life seemed to grow within them while they listened, and even Jotham uplifted his head from off his breast when the morning light beamed on the face of the stranger. The lepers gazed also one on another. Then was there great joy; for all were clean!

Philip was still, as before; but Jotham walked to and fro in the dwelling, exulting in

the vigour of his limbs, and in the freedom with which he breathed.

One who had been maimed surveyed himself, and beheld that he was whole. Another, whose reason had become weak through misery, wondered in silence at the height and depth of his own thoughts. The disciple stood in the midst, and, as he looked around, he wept.

At length Philip spake and said, "Behold! our youth is renewed like the eagle's. Let us bless Him who hath healed our diseases, and redeemed our life from destruction."

"I am not worthy to join in thy thanksgiving," cried Jotham, "for I believed not until now. I will pour out my shame apart, and seek help unto mine unbelief."

"Fear not," answered the disciple. "Thine was the unbelief of a wounded spirit. Faith came with thy joy, and thou art now as one of us. Let thy praise mingle with ours."

When some came at even from a neighbouring city, as was their wont, to supply meat and drink unto the outcasts, they found the vessels filled as they had left them at noon. They

supposed that the lepers had perished in the storm, and rejoiced. They listened for the cry of the jackal, but they heard it not. They looked whether the carrion-bird came from afar; but there was no flapping of wings in the air.

Meantime, they that had been lepers hastened on their way. When the roads parted, one after another turned aside towards his home; and a cry of joy arose as each departed to mingle again among his kindred.

Philip opened his heart unto the disciple as he journeyed, and told him of a sorrow which he had hidden until now. He had one son, a young child, on whom he feared that the curse of leprosy would light; and he besought the disciple to free this child from the taint.

"Upon me be it visited again," he said, "so that the child may be pure. Mine own grief I bore willingly; but when I thought that my son should one day abide where I abode, and mourn as I mourned, my spirit groaned."

"I knew not of this," said Jotham. "Wherefore was it kept from me, for I would have sorrowed with thee?"

"It was between me and my God," replied Philip; "and I would not grieve thy heart yet more than it was grieved already."

Jotham looked down abashed, for he remembered that his complaint had been more bitter than Philip's, though he had no wife from whom he was parted, and none for whom to fear but himself alone. Now, he could again rejoice and weep with those who rejoiced and wept; and he was therefore glad when the disciple promised to go unto Jericho, whither Philip was hastening.

These three were the last of the company; and at length Jotham also departed, turning aside towards Mamre.

The plain of Jericho, the garden of God, appeared to Philip as paradise to Adam when he first beheld, or as the land of promise to the wanderers of the wilderness. He had, for some months, seen no beauty in the forms of nature save the desolate grandeur of rocks and sandy plains. Now, the towers of Jericho arose from amidst fertile fields. Forests of palms and thickets of blossoming shrubs clothed the meadows, and Jordan rolled its full tide between banks which were clothed with wil-

lows. Philip had not hoped ever again to behold a silver stream, or to hear the lapse of waters, or the cry of the quail in the cornfields, or the murmur of men from the gates of a city. His eye surveyed the landscape, and at length fixed on a distant point of the horizon. The disciple, who watched him, inquired wherefore he gazed so steadfastly.

"Seest thou the blue hill which rises afar?" replied Philip. "It is Nebo, whither Jehovah led Moses to behold this land. To me it now appears fairer than in times past, when I sorrowed that the prophet might not enter. Now I also have abode in the desert, and to me this is a land flowing with milk and honey."

"Was it on yonder space that our forefathers encamped when Balak summoned Balaam to curse them?" inquired the disciple.

"It was. And there, behold where the waters of Jordan parted, that the people of Jehovah might pass over: and beyond is the place where Elijah departed in glory. Our city is sanctified for ever, because prophets of the Lord have made it their abode."

While Philip spoke, he still hastened onwards. While his spirit drank in the beauty

and freshness which greeted every sense, it thirsted for somewhat more. His eye sought the roof beneath which his wife and his son and his kindred were gathered: but the sun was sinking behind the hills. His last rays gilded their summits, and the towers alone of the city rose above the grey shadow which spread over the plain.

At the gate which they approached, some men of the city were assembled, as was their wont at eventide. On either side of the gate were trees, and beneath the trees were seats, whereon the old men sat to give counsel, and the judges to award the law, and the young to see how strangers came to and fro, and to hear what tidings they brought. This night they regarded not the strangers, for a disciple of Jesus talked with them. The aged men leaned each on his staff, and bent to hear: the youths sat at his feet, and gazed upon his face, while many questioned, one with another, concerning the things which he said. Philip passed through the midst and they saw him not. He beheld there a friend of many years; yet he would not tarry, for his home was near. Not so passed the disciple. He who taught in the

gate beheld him, and came down from his seat, and embraced him gladly, and blessed him in the name of Christ: so that they who stood by observed how great was the love of the disciples one to another.

They followed Philip, and saw afar off how he bowed his head as he reached the gate of his dwelling. The gate was not opened to his knock, and many voices were heard from within, as if the court was filled with the murmur of tongues. When at length the master and his guests were admitted, the kindred and slaves who stood near uttered a cry of horror, and fled from Philip as if to touch him were death. "Unclean!" was their cry; and it was heard into the inner chambers. The lattices which had been opened were instantly closed, and signs of wrath and fear were made by those who retreated behind the fountain. Philip opened his lips to speak, but there was no voice, for his soul was sick with hope deferred. The disciple raised his hand, but ere he could speak, the joyous shout of a child was heard, and the young son of Philip burst from the grasp of the slave who held him, and sprang to his father's bosom.

"Thou, thou alone, my first-born, my blessed one!" murmured Philip as he hid his face in the bosom of his child—"Thou alone fearest me not." Thus saying, he retired again within the porch, for none might see how he wept over his child.

Then the disciples told wherefore he had returned, and all pressed forward with joy to give him welcome; but the disciples restrained them, for they knew that Philip mourned because his wife came not forth to meet him. While they yet inquired concerning her, a woman came in haste from the inner chamber, with joy in her countenance; and she declared that a daughter was born unto Philip. Then the disciples knew why the kindred were assembled, and why the wife of Philip came not out to meet him, and they told him these things with joy.

When his new-born child was placed in his bosom, and music resounded through the dwelling, and a song of rejoicing was uplifted in the court, Philip was humbled in spirit, marvelling that such an one as himself should be crowned with loving kindness and tender mercies.

Life was now fair in his eyes to whom, of late, its promise seemed blighted for ever. His sojourn in the desert had been but for half the year that was gone; but he had believed that it would be till death, and therefore had his days been as years. Now his heart was glad with every rising sun; his spirit was soothed each night when the stars came forth.

When the disciples taught in the gate, he also glorified God: when the people went up to the synagogue, he entered with them to keep holy day. He gave the name to his new-born child, and blessed the cup at the feast of kindred; and when he retired to the chamber of prayer, he knew that the wife of his bosom was nigh at hand, that his children slumbered near, and that worship was rising like incense to mingle with his own, from many who dwelt around. Above all, he trusted to behold Zion once more. He waited but the end of the days of purification, and then with his wife he purposed to join a company of pilgrims who were going up to the temple. There he trusted to behold the hope of Israel.

The disciples departed from Jericho by night, privately. Philip went with them on their way, till the dawn broke over the hills of Judah. When they had blessed him, trusting to meet at Jerusalem at the Passover, he returned homewards alone. He looked towards the holy city, and remembered what was being done in the temple; how the breath of the morning was fanning the flame on the altar, and how the sacrifice was preparing whose smoke would soon ascend into the clear heaven. This day he was to set his face thitherward; and it seemed to him that the morning arose in blessedness. The springing grain was bright with dew. The early forest trees put forth their shoots, and Jordan gleamed in the crimson light of the east.—Philip sorrowed to leave this place, even though his desire was great to see Jerusalem.

The company to which he joined himself was small. Some among them went to seek the Prophet, but a few despised the superstition of their companions. As they entered towns and villages, the inquiry ever was whether they believed in Jesus of Nazareth. In every town and village were some who be-

lieved, and with such did Philip and his wife find an abode. With such did they commune till the midnight watch, and exchange a greeting as soon as the cock crew. They knew not fatigue; and to love as brethren those who believed was a refreshment to their souls.

There was a desert place in the way, where there was no shelter of groves, or springing of water. The pilgrims passed at early dawn, purposing to rest during the heat of the day, among a company of the Essenes who had settled on a fruitful spot in the midst of the desert. As they proceeded, they sang to beguile the way, and the caves of the rocks resounded to the song. If the path was toilsome, or the heats oppressive to the weak and timid, they who were stronger comforted them, saying, "Jehovah is thy guardian, thy shade upon the right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. Jehovah preserveth thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth and for evermore."

At the fourth hour they arrived in sight of the dwellings of the Essenes. They were cottages placed beneath the spreading date-trees, and surrounded by fertile fields. The

beauty of this Oasis was as striking as the barrenness of the desert around its borders. In the midst, a fountain of sweet water rose beneath a rock, and lower down the waters were collected in a cistern. At this cistern stood one of the brotherhood, when the company of pilgrims approached. His white garment was girded about him, and his staff lay by his side. He looked not around till the travellers saluted him, and then his salutation was grave. He offered hospitality in like manner, pointing out a space overshadowed by trees where they might repose themselves till the cool of the day. The company looked upon him with awe, and silently disposed themselves to rest beneath the shade. To Philip all things were yet fair and new, and he loved to look abroad on whatever met the eye, and to hearken to all the voices of nature. Therefore, when the lowing of oxen was heard from the field, and men were seen guiding the plough, and scattering seed into the furrows, he left his wife reposing by the fountain, and went forth into the glare of the sun to inquire of the brotherhood concerning their customs, and the end for which they separated them-

selves from the world. Their words were few, and they spoke gravely, though mildly, while pursuing their labours. Philip found that though fruits abounded, and honey was gathered from the hollow trees, and plenty was spread over the fields, it was not for themselves that the Essenes laboured to produce what was fair to the eye and pleasant to the taste. Their food was bread and herbs, and they drank only of the fountain. Their toil was from the day-spring till sun-set, and their sleep was shortened lest sloth should overcome them. To minister to others they rose up and toiled, and all that they sought for themselves was liberty to meditate and pray until they should become holy.

As Philip passed on from one to another, all spoke in like manner, till he observed that one afar off rested on his spade to gaze on the stranger. Towards him Philip hastened, hoping that he would communicate more freely than his brethren.

It was Jotham of Mamre.

"My brother!" cried Philip, "wherefore hast thou departed from Mamre? I believed that its groves had been as paradise unto thee."

"They were so in former years," replied Jotham, who yet hung on the embrace of Philip, as if his heart yearned towards him; "but now, all is changed. They whom I loved are dead, or are gone I know not whither. Men looked strange on me when I met them in the gate; and when I passed into the vineyards, the vine-dressers ceased not their song, nor regarded me. The aged men looked askance on me as I sat among them under the fig-tree, and with the young men who wrestled and hunted I had nothing to do. I sought out one who had been an old man in the days of my youth; he still lived; but his memory had departed from him, and he looked on me strangely, and shook his head when I spake of former days. One other whom I had loved, hath had his heart hardened by riches: and seeing that I had nothing, and was without friends, he burnt perfume before me as soon as I had entered, that I might immediately depart. I did depart that very hour, and I will return to Mamre no more."

"Wherefore camest thou not unto Jerusalem?"

"Thither I went to offer my gift of purification, and when I greeted the city from the Mount of Olives, my spirit was once more glad. But within, all was desolate—yea, amidst crowds. I was alone where all other men were as brethren, and the worship itself seemed changed, because none worshiped with me. Therefore I came hither, and here I shall be in peace, for I am even as others. If I am alone, at least I see no man lying in the bosom of another.—With thee all is well, for a light is in thine eye, and gladness in thy step. May Jehovah prosper thee, and maintain peace within thy dwelling!"

"But the new law, my brother!" said Philip. "Dost thou not follow it?"

"I believe in the prophet Jesus, and I purpose to obey his teachings."

"In this place?"

"Wherefore not? Doth he forbid to toil, to deny ourselves, to do good, to minister to the sick, to meditate, to commune with Jehovah all the day long?"

"Nay, but his disciples go forth into the world to teach his doctrine."

"To some it is given to teach, but not unto me. It is sufficient that my hands toil, and my heart giveth thanks."

"Though thou art lonely, thou givest thanks?"

"Yea; for my loneliness is not as the solitude of the desert. My limbs are strong, and my spirit at peace. The water sparkles beneath the rock, and the murmur of bees is heard in the still noon. There is fragrance in the air, and the voice of prayer is as music to mine ear. My soul is filled with good."

Philip told how blessing abounded also unto himself, and would have led him where the pilgrims ate their noontide meal in the shade; but Jotham replied,

"Not so, my brother! for I mingle not with men, save to tend the sick. Go thou, and when thou thinkest on me, let it be with peace. Unto thee Zion shall be glorious, for thou rejoicest with thy people. Unto thee the sacrifice shall be joyful, for the wife of thy bosom sacrificeth with thee. Unto thy soul the music of the Levites shall be sweet, for the echoes of the temple shall send back familiar voices upon thine ear. I, too, will rejoice;

I also will worship: but my rejoicing is that a well-spring of life hath burst forth in the desert. The fragrance of the morning shall be the incense of my sacrifice; and as the murmur of waters in the caves of the sea, shall praise be everlasting in the depths of my spirit."

BEHOLD THY SON!

"Mourn, O thou most desolate! for there is no sorrow like unto thine. Yet when thou weepest, let my tears mingle with thine. Send me not from thee, for shall not the son speak comfort unto his mother? My hand shall uphold thine age, and lay thee in the sepulchre of thy fathers."

"Call me not mother. As a mother, I was blessed among women: as a mother, I shall rejoice no more."

"Nay; but remember who sanctified me unto thee as a son, saying, 'Behold thy mother!'—And herein shall we yet have comfort. Now, thy soul is wrung with grief, and I also fear to meet men lest the bitterness of my spirit should break forth. But this bitterness shall pass away: and then will we speak of the things wherein we have rejoiced. In the

night-watches will we ponder his words: in the temple we will look on those whom he hath healed and taught: and beneath the palms will we sit and gaze upon his sepulchre."

"In the temple will I appear no more, lest I hear him in whom I have gloried scoffed at, and his cross derided. Here will I sit in darkness, till death shall hide me. Yet here my sorrow is greater than I can bear."

So spake Mary, the mother of Jesus, as she lay on a couch in an inner apartment, where none came unto her but John, who was as her son. She hid her face in her robe as she spake, for unto none could she lift up those eyes which were swollen with weeping; and not even John might behold in her face her struggles with despair. Until now, no word had passed her lips since the hour when she left the foot of the cross. The sabbath had passed, and she knew it not; and now, when the first day of the week had dawned, her eyes were yet sleepless, and her troubled spirit found no peace. Yet he who sat at her feet was cheered because her grief found words, and he trusted that the hour of rest was at hand.

"Thou art as a wandering bird cast out of the nest," he said. "Thou canst find no shelter, and thy spirit fluttereth on the earth. But no foot shall trample on thee; for have I not taken thee unto my bosom? There I will cherish thee, and thou shalt be at rest."

"There, if ever," replied Mary: "for none knoweth as thou how great cause I had for hope and for glory. Call me not proud that I glory even now; and, O my son! marvel not that I ask if there is yet hope. Of none but thee do I ask; but,—rememberest thou certain of his words which none could understand?"

She raised herself on the couch, but again sank down when the disciple sighed, saying,

"Alas! what hope?"

"I know not. Well I know that his sepulchre is sealed, and that we shall behold him no more; but in his name may not glory arise to our nation? I would still my grief, if our people rejoiced through him; I would go into the synagogue and the temple to hear men give thanks unto Jehovah concerning him."

"His works live after him," replied John, "and the remembrance of them shall never die; but he is with our fathers. He shall no

more come to us, but when we depart, we shall see his glory, even as we trusted to behold it here. He went not, like Elijah, in a chariot of fire; but did not angels bear away his spirit, when the darkness vanished at the ninth hour, even as the shadows flee on the wings of the morning? We know not.—And is he not a chief among the spirits of the dead, a being above the beings of the earth? Is not Hades moved before him to honour him? Do not the ancient princes of our nation even now bow unto him? Doth not Elijah go before him, and David rejoice to behold him, and Abraham make a place for him more exalted than his own? There shalt thou glory in thy beloved one, and see that he is a greater prophet than Jonas, wiser than Solomon, and holier than our Father Abraham."

"Would that he himself could return but for one hour, and tell me of these things!" said Mary. "Thou hast seen him like unto a spirit, treading the waters in a storm; thou hast beheld him clothed in light brighter than the sun at noon-day; thou hast heard a voice from the firmament like unto thunder. O that such a voice would speak to mine ears of him,

that such a light would come to me in the night-seasons!"

While she spake, some one who sought the disciple was heard calling him. John arose and went out, and Mary, whose spirit was now soothed, sank down to sleep.

Her sleep was calm, and it was midday ere she was awakened by some one whispering her name. She unclosed her eyes. The beloved disciple kneeled beside her couch, and lo! his countenance was radiant with joy, as if a light from heaven shined upon it.

"Is there joy for thee and me?" she cried.

He answered not, but pointed where one stood, who gazed upon them with a smile such as mortal eyes had never yet seen.

When Mary saw that it was Jesus, she believed that her sleep had been the sleep of death, and that the Holy One was about to lead her to the throne of Jehovah. Her burden of grief was cast away, and she felt as a spirit, while she looked for light which a spirit alone can behold, and hearkened for that voice which none but a spirit can hear and live.

Pilate, the Roman governor, held his tribunal in the court of his palace on the first day of the week, after Jesus had been crucified. As he sat on the judgment-seat, his countenance was troubled, and he looked weary like one who had not slept. His guard surrounded him, and the multitude applauded his judgments; but his thoughts were not fixed on the things which he saw and spoke. While he conferred with some who sat near, whose counsel he needed, his wandering eye perceived that a messenger had entered the court, and was speaking with one of the soldiers. Pilate instantly beckoned to the man to approach, and bent to listen to the tidings he brought. On hearing them the governor started as if a sudden pang had shot through him, and rose to depart, declaring his will that the assembly should disperse. He retired to an apartment of his palace, where he examined him who had said that the body of Jesus had disappeared from the sepulchre. Orders were sent for the guard who had watched beside it to repair to the palace without delay; and till they could arrive, the governor paced to and fro in his hall, pondering the things which had

been done within a few days. He had dismissed his attendants, as he wished to be alone; but his wife came to him to hear what rumour had disturbed him.

"Would I had listened to thee, Marcella!" said the governor. "I feared these factious Jews more than the gods; and now I dread their vengeance. But I knew not how great was my impiety. I thought Jesus was but an innocent man; but now I can scarcely doubt that he is a demi-god."

"I believed so," replied Marcella, "when my dream troubled me concerning this cause. What has happened to convince you, when I, your wife, spoke in vain?"

"The sepulchre is open, and the body is gone, though a guard was on the watch; how the entrance was closed and sealed I have told you already."

"The guard might have slept."

"To do so is death, as they know: and so many cannot have slept at once."

"They may have been treacherous, and permitted the followers of this Jesus to steal the body."

"For what purpose?"

"Nay, I might ask that of you. What do you suppose to have become of it, that you tremble as if his spirit had been seen?

"I suppose that the gods have removed it to some place where it may be honoured, and where my shame will be exposed. It will be well if I suffer no more from their vengeance; but I tremble when I think of the portents which alarmed the city when the cross was raised. There were more than I have allowed to be told in the palace. But see, the watch is come. Go in till I have learned the truth from them."

The soldiers of the guard entered the hall, no strangers being allowed to follow. They related their tale to the governor, declaring that they had slept on guard, and that the disciples must have stolen the body. Pilate was astonished at the boldness with which they avowed a negligence whose penalty was death. On questioning them more closely, he discerned signs of fear, and detected various untruths in their story. Being utterly perplexed, he at length declared that every man of them should suffer death for neglect of duty, according to the Roman law. He summoned

the guard without to enter and secure their comrades, one of whom ventured to hint that no good purpose would be answered by this severity.

An officer now sought an audience for certain of the Jewish elders. They were instantly admitted to a private conference, from which Pilate came forth with a countenance grave and full of care, to order that the guard should be released. Their comrades rejoiced, and made mirth of the fickleness of the governor.

In the guard-room, every one spoke of the recent events except the watch who had been at the sepulchre. They preserved a gloomy silence. Some wondered why Jesus had died within so few hours; but Lucius, the soldier who had pierced his side with a spear, told how worn he was with his previous sufferings; and his words were confirmed by some who had assisted in taking him down from the cross, and by others who had seen the body after it was swathed and laid on its cold couch in the sepulchre.

The centurion who had presided at the crucifixion sat apart, grave and silent, till Lucius inquired whether he had much intercourse

with the Hebrews, and knew aught of their superstitions.

The centurion replied, that their superstitions were so little like any others that he had known, that he had inquired carefully concerning them.

"I have been in Egypt," he said, "and seen what a stranger may see of the mysteries of their temples; I have beheld the worship of the nations round Judæa; and in Persia I have seen the priests feed the sacred fire, and heard the music which hails the rising of the sun: but none of these—no, nor the rites of Jupiter Olympus, are so grand as the worship of the Hebrews. When I have been on duty at the fort, I have listened to melodies so heart-thrilling, that I can almost believe what their teachers tell of the walls of a great city falling down at the blast of their trumpets. And their temple,—what a sight is there!"

"I have entered," said Lucius, "as far as their law allows, and I am never weary of looking on it from a distance. When its golden roof blazes at sunrise, no one can tell which is the greatest, Apollo or the Hebrew God."

"Before I left Rome," said the centurion,

"I heard that the Hebrew worship had mysteries like ours; but the people declare that though there is an apartment which they must not enter, they know what is done there by the High Priest."

"They can now see for themselves," replied Lucius, "if it be true, as I have heard, that the veil by which it was set apart was rent from the roof to the ground, when the man who called himself their king expired. Is it so; and did Jesus claim such a dignity?"

"I believe that he was the son of a god," replied the centurion. "I doubted it not when I saw him die, and the events of this day have given me yet greater certainty."

"Dost thou converse with any of his followers?" inquired Lucius. "They will tell us what has become of him, if the gods are indeed incensed against those who have killed him."

"Some of his disciples I know, and I purpose to visit them when my time of watch has expired," said the centurion. "But I scarcely know where I shall find them, for they dispersed themselves on the eve of their master's death."

"One was with him whom he loved," said Lucius. "Didst thou not hear what he said to him from the cross?"

"I will seek him this night," replied the centurion. "I have always held that men should worship according to the customs of the nation in which they dwell, and therefore I did not wonder that the Hebrews were incensed at one who desired to change their religion. I thought it dangerous to the empire that the Jews should have a king, and thus I justified his death. But when the gods interpose in earthquakes and in darkness at noon-day, it becomes us to obey the will which they so clearly interpret. I will not be satisfied till I know from the Jews themselves what Jesus has said and done; for no Roman, not the governor himself, understands who he was, or what he ought to have become."

Before the centurion's time for going forth had arrived, he received orders from Pilate to enter the city, and discover, if possible, what had become of the body of Jesus. This order suited well with the soldier's purpose of seeking out the disciple John; and as soon as he

had set the evening watch, he departed, with Lucius for his companion, towards the abode where the followers of Jesus were known to assemble.

There were they met together this night. Those who had fled in terror from Gethsemane assembled in the city to bewail the destruction of their hope. Their grief was now changed to perplexity; for some brought tidings too marvellous to be believed, yet too distinct and frequent to be scorned. But a few hours ago, all wept together; now, some still mourned; but others rejoiced with exceeding joy; and many were in doubt, and conferred together how these things could be. The gate of the house was close shut, and two disciples sat in the porch to keep watch against the enmity of the rulers. They discoursed together as they sat.

"Did some suppose that he had committed crime because he spake compassionately to a thief?" said Paltiel.

"Some of the soldiers so believed," replied Sadoc; "but his followers know too well his custom in this matter to marvel at any words of love that he ever spoke. We heard how

Mary's sins were pardoned because she loved much; and we saw how he chose the house of Zaccheus for his abode, and how he had compassion on Iscariot, even while he knew his evil intents."

"I well remember the night when the miserable man lay in the bosom of Jesus at the evening meal," said Paltiel. "We talked of the honours for which we looked in the kingdom of the Christ. Iscariot desired the wealth and power of a prince; but the Master said, that he who would be greatest, must be least: and he looked on Iscariot and sighed. I marvel not, therefore, that he gave hope unto the thief; for unto such as repent, he ever spoke peace, and unto all he bore love."

"When shall we be long-suffering as our Master?" said Sadoc. "Some even among us are offended that the thief should have hope of Paradise."

"It becometh not us to talk proudly," said Paltiel; "for if we account strictly one with another, who shall be clear? Hath it not been heard how some who had sworn to abide with the Prophet for ever, were afar off when he needed help; how others, who had resolved

to die with him, fled when danger appeared? The love which should have prevailed over the desires and fears of the spirit hath waxed cold among us. Not such was the love of Jesus. Even now, if he were here, he would look tenderly on us all; for he knoweth the heart of man, and hath compassion."

A sob of anguish here broke in upon the discourse. Simon had withdrawn from the upper chamber, and now stood without the porch. The words of Paltiel had moved his soul.

In one of the apartments, supper was spread; and around the board were many disciples who disputed concerning what had been seen in the garden of Joseph that morning. They believed not the women, nor John, nor Simon, nor the men who had returned from Emmaus with tidings of Jesus.

These two sat apart with John and the mother of the Prophet, to whom they opened what had been told them concerning the Messiah and his kingdom. Mary listened in settled peace. Her spirit fluttered no more in grief or joy. Her countenance was wasted, but the calm light of her eye shewed that a

steadfast hope had been kindled within. The women, and the gentle disciple who had been faithful, were they who now rejoiced; while such as had been bold in discourse and terrified by danger, were tossed in mind.

The light from the lamp in the midst fell on faces which were alive with the thoughts of the mind, and the yearnings of the spirit. Some doubted, some were afraid, others were angry; but none of them that sat at meat believed. Yet their contention was not loud; for they still feared, and their voices were low, though their speech was eager. They who sat in the porch heard but the whispers of many tongues. After a while, these whispers ceased, and all was still, as if death had stricken the assembly. Then arose a single voice; and they who had often heard it in this place rushed from the porch to behold whence it came. Jesus was in the upper chamber, in the midst of those who bowed the head while he rebuked their unbelief.

Mary still sat afar off, not in fear or in shame, for she had believed; but in awe of him whom death had given back, and Jehovah had sanctified. She raised not her eyes till

she heard the tread of heavy steps in the antichamber. She looked up and saw through the open portal the gleaming armour of soldiers and the plumes of a helmet. Then she sprang towards the Holy One, crying with a cry of anguish, "O, not again! not again! Lay not hands on my Son, my Son Jesus!"

The centurion waved his hand in sign of peace, as he stood in the doorway, and when Mary looked around, the Holy One had departed.

The centurion and Lucius had entered while the gate was left unwatched. They had knocked, but none regarded. When the disciple John knew wherefore they came, he went forth with them into the court, and told them whatsoever they would know. Their minds were prepared by the signs which they had beheld; and when they learned how long the Messiah had been looked for by kings and prophets and righteous men, they marvelled at the scoffing of the rulers, and the hardness of heart of the people. When the moonlight began to fade before the dawn, they proceeded towards the palace, musing as they went.

Pilate watched for their return. His spirit

could find no rest while he knew not whether the sepulchre had been opened by the hand of man or of a god. With him waited some priests and Jewish teachers who proved to him out of their Scriptures that Jesus could not be the Messiah; and that, if not the Messiah, he must be an enemy to their faith and people.

When the centurion entered the apartment, the governor hastened to meet him, saying, "Hast thou learned what has become of the body, and who opened the sepulchre?"

"I have."

"From his disciples?"

"From themselves, for who should know so well as they?"

Pilate rejoiced, and the priests smiled while they said,

"Tell us by whose hands the stone was moved, and by what contrivance the body was conveyed away, and whither it is gone. Speak; that the delusion of the people may be ended."

The centurion calmly replied,

"Ye teach that your God once made a rock in the desert to open at the command of your lawgiver, Moses. A greater messenger from

the same deity has this day laid open the cave in the garden. We are told, O Governor! that a body of clay was once animated by the fire of Jove. By fire from heaven hath the dead body been this day vivified and warmed. Do ye ask where it is? It is at hand. Jesus has visited his disciples, and he may visit you also. If ye had reason and law for killing him, it is well: but prepare your pleading, for he may appear on yonder judgment-seat before ye are aware."

While he spoke, Pilate sank down upon a couch; and they that were with him asked no further question, but, one by one, departed.

THE

HOUR OF REST.

FIFTEEN years had passed away since the Spirit had been shed on the followers of the Holy One, and his gospel had gone forth through all the land. There was no valley in Hebron where his law had not been preached; there was no city in Galilee where his name was not blessed. The Essenes of the desert opened their lips to question of the matter; and in Cæsarea a centurion believed with all his house. In the holy city it was no longer known how small was the number of the Nazarenes; and some whispered that the altar itself had been served by hands which had broken bread with the Gentiles.

At the feast of Pentecost, when the children of Aaron all assembled before the Lord, they of the course of Abia served before the High

Priest, and saw that he frowned as he looked on them. When he had given the blessing to the people, he assembled the whole body of the priesthood in the courts of the temple, and all saw that his soul was moved. He fixed his eye on the two sons of Hanoch, whom he commanded to stand forth. They came. He inquired if they had hearkened to the heresy of the Nazarenes. One replied in the name of both,

"The faith of the Nazarenes have we embraced."

"And stand ye here as priests of Jehovah, ye who are traitors to the faith?"

"From our birth were we sanctified to the priesthood, and we serve not Jehovah the less willingly because we have received his greatest Prophet."

"Ye shall carry forth your heresy into the wilderness, even as the scape-goat beareth thither the sins of the people."

"Christ worshiped in the temple; why should not we, his followers, serve? While we stand alive before the altar, we will offer sacrifice, knowing who hath appointed us."

"Ye are bold in your blasphemy."

"It is not the wont of the Nazarenes to deny their faith."

"I will prove your words. Tell me if ye have been alone in this matter?"

"Though we answer openly, we answer for ourselves alone." And the young men avoided to follow the eye of the High Priest as he looked sternly around. He commanded any of the course of Abia who had embraced the new faith to stand forth. A great number separated themselves from the company, insomuch that the High Priest was startled. Then came forth many from every one of the twenty-four courses, and spake the name of Jesus of Nazareth.

Then the High Priest looked towards those of the Sanhedrim who stood by; and when he saw that they retreated towards the council chamber, he waved his hand and dismissed the assembly.

In the council chamber there were wrath and fear. It was plain that the penalties of sacrilege could not be enforced against the converts of the temple by reason of their numbers. They who had seduced them were therefore marked out for punishment. Among

these, Paltiel, a beloved disciple, was declared to have much power over the people. He dwelt at Bethany, and was often with Lazarus, a friend of the Prophet, and one who was declared to have been once laid in the sepulchre, whence he came forth alive.

While they consulted concerning him, Paltiel returned homewards from the city, where he had taught in the dwellings of the Nazarenes through the day. He was weary, and rejoiced when he saw his dwelling beneath the olives, and the friends who sat near to wait his approach. They arose while he was yet far off; for he was honoured among them; and they received him gladly, for he was the beloved of their hearts. They led him in that he might refresh himself. There were no slaves in the household, for all such were made free by the gospel; but they remained as brethren. They washed the feet of Paltiel, and prepared the evening meal. Women were there who baked the kneaded cakes, and spread out dates and honey on the board.

A large company placed themselves around it when Paltiel had spoken the blessing.

They talked cheerfully of many things; for

one had received an epistle from a disciple who was in Asia; another had tidings of the dispersed apostles: one had brought a household of Gentiles into communion, and others had taught the young and relieved the sick.

"One hath been here this day," said a brother, "who hath seen Barnabas at Antioch. He reports that a new name hath been given us there as an insult. They who deride the Christ call us Christians, and by this name are we known."

"It is a name," said Paltiel, "which is a reproach only when it is received unwillingly. If freely accepted, (and why should it not be so?) it is honourable."

"We have endured too much to regard a mere name," replied the disciple; "yet I would that we could avoid all that may prejudice our cause before it is heard."

"This name," replied Paltiel, "is not of a narrow signification, like the birth-name of a man. It may include all who believe now or shall hereafter believe. We know not but that some at the ends of the earth may covet this very name when ages of years have passed away."

"Thinkest thou that our faith shall be known so far?" inquired one by Paltiel's side; but ere he could reply, the sons of Hanoch entered, and told what had been done in the temple. When they who listened knew how many of the servants of the sanctuary were Christians, they rejoiced. It seemed to them that the sacrifices became more holy when offered by hands that had broken bread in remembrance of Christ; and that the smoke of the censer must ascend more acceptably when the name of the Holy One was breathed over it. Some trusted that, for the sake of these believers, the temple might be spared, even as the city of the plain would have been saved if but ten righteous men had been found within it. Yet was there care among some of the more thoughtful of the assembly, who feared what their rulers might do to exclude from the temple courts such as had avowed themselves Nazarenes, and to afflict such as had converted them to the faith of Christ. Martha looked on her brother Lazarus and sighed; for she remembered how the chief priests had sought his life together with the Prophet's; but her sister reproved her fears, saying that

he who had restored life to the dead would guard that life.

All looked unto Paltiel, for to his voice it was their wont to hearken, and from his smile the most timid took courage. He advised that the priests should minister in the temple even as when Cæsar commanded that his statue should be worshiped there. Then there was but one mind among the priesthood, and with one voice they had refused to obey the commands of their conqueror. Now also should the faithful be faithful still, and keep back nothing that Jehovah had spoken, but bear witness in his holy place. On the other disciples he gazed with love, while he warned them that a time of tribulation might be at hand, and besought them to be meek towards men, while they were faithful towards God.

"Remember," he said, "those of our fathers whose spirit dwelt in Zion while they endured evil and were afflicted by the hands of the wicked. If they suffered for their sins, much more may we for the name we bear. If they bore testimony to the old law, much rather may we to that which is full of grace

and truth. Some hanged their unstrung harps on the willows of Babylon, lest idolaters should scoff at the songs of Zion; but we may uplift our voices in all the earth, for the name of Christ no mockery can degrade, and no reproach defile. Holy men of old prayed towards Jerusalem for the sins of their people. Those of us who remain will do so likewise; but if, like our brethren, we be scattered abroad, we will rejoice that there is a greater mercy-seat in the heaven of heavens, and trust that He who dwelleth therein will hear, and hearing, forgive. While in peace we are permitted to sit under the olives where our Master sat, and to gather round the board which he blessed, and to minister to those whom he loved, let his spirit of love be shed abroad among us; but if the scourge and the sword be brought out against us—from him we know that the strongest must not strive,—that the weakest must not cry against the will of Jehovah."

As he ceased, the swift feet of a mule were heard ascending the rocky path which led to the dwelling; and in a moment Sadoc appeared, not, as he was wont, with a steady step

and a calm countenance, but breathless and hurried. He told that the people had been excited to tumult by reports of what had been said in the temple; that their rulers had not restrained them; and that they were now coming forth with violence to Bethany, to seize upon the Nazarenes who dwelt there. There was a moment's silence when these tidings had been told. Then the sons of Hanoch arose with sparkling eyes, and desired to go forth to meet the multitude; but the women laid hold on their mantles, and besought them to regard their lives.

When Paltiel spoke, all turned to hear. He declared that to meet the people while they were enraged, was to cast away the life which it was a sin to esteem lightly. To remain was also to incur peril. By retiring to a short distance they might save the people from the crime for which they must otherwise mourn when their rage should be overpast. There was a space between the rocks, but a few furlongs off, where this little company of Nazarenes might retire, and where they had worshiped when the former persecution was hot against them. Thither they now resolved to

go, and they hastened to set forth. The mothers sought the inner chambers, and brought out their infants wrapped in their mantles, lest the dews of the night should chill their slumbers. Paltiel once more filled and blessed the wine-cup, which was emptied in silence; and they all set forth.

The evening star had risen, and shone above the mount, around which the mists had gathered, and rolled like fleecy clouds. The air was mild, and fragrant with the scent of the balsams which grew around the dwelling. The company hastened along the rugged path, the men carrying the infants for greater speed. They spoke not, but moved like the shadows of clouds on the mountain side, till they reached the opening of the recess which they sought. Then they turned to cast one look towards the city. There was a light in the air over the valley, as if a multitude of torches flared below. The stems of the willows were made distinct by passing gleams, and Kedron flashed beneath them. On the battlements of the temple were moving figures, and voices were heard in the still night air, as if men spoke thence to the crowd; and suddenly a shout from the multi-

tude rang through the valley, which made even Paltiel grasp his staff.

He checked himself, and beckoned to his company to follow him within the recess. It was a slope, green with the verdure of spring, and open only to the sky and to the pass by which the Nazarenes found entrance. Though so near the city, it was known to few, for there was less beauty within it than in many of the clefts of the hills which abounded there. The stars glittered in the portion of the heaven which was open to the band of worshipers, and the night raven looked down upon them as she sent forth her cry to awake the echoes. The Nazarenes spread their garments on the grass, and sat down to watch—all but one, who silently returned upon her steps when no one perceived, and fled towards Bethany.

Meantime, the multitude drew nigh the dwelling of Paltiel, no longer shouting as when they issued from the gate of the city, but rapidly, that they might seize with the greater certainty upon their victims. If aught could have calmed their rage, it would have been the repose of the place, where there was no motion

but that of the grove which bowed to the night breeze, and no sound but of the gush of waters.

But they neither saw nor hearkened till they had entered the dwelling. The gate opened as soon as a hand was raised to it, for there was none within to guard it. The bleating of a kid which had been nurtured within the court broke upon the silence of the awed multitude, who marvelled to find no man within. The lamp still burned in the upper chamber, and the half-eaten repast was on the board.

"The Nazarenes eat even as we," said one of the crowd. "Here is no forbidden flesh, nor a great array of feasting."

"Neither is there an abundance of wine, as at feasts where men love to be drunken," said another.

A third took up a scroll which was dropped upon a cushion. There were no magical characters, but a portion of the Scriptures, arranged after the manner of the Hebrews.

"It cannot be," said one of the leaders of the people, "that our approach has disturbed these men; for there has been no time for

escape. They are doubtless retired to some secret place to pay their impious worship, and they will return to finish their feast."

Nevertheless, he caused search to be made in every neighbouring place. Some who dwelt in a habitation nigh at hand, were roused from sleep by the tumult, and opened their gates to such as would see whether Paltiel was hidden there or not: but they said, and with truth, that they knew not what had become of him who had passed their gate at eventide, and of his friends who awaited his approach.

One who could have told concerning all, overheard what was said. It was Zorah, the daughter of Hanoch, she who had returned from the company on the mountain side, to watch what the multitude should do. She was a young maiden who loved Paltiel as if he had been her father; and she risked her own safety that she might bear tidings to him before the morning should dawn. She had seated herself behind the stone which was used to cover the mouth of the cistern; and no one would have seen her, if a man had not supposed that the cistern might be dry, and that the Nazarenes had hidden themselves there.

When Zorah saw that she was perceived, she rose and came forward as if to draw water: but the man prevented her, and led her within the court where she was questioned concerning the company to whom she was known to belong.

She answered freely save when the leaders inquired concerning the events of the night: and then she held her peace. She neither regarded commands, nor hearkened to entreaties, nor feared threats. She declared,

"I have said thus far, and I will speak no more," and folded her arms upon her bosom in silence.

"Our rulers say that the Nazarenes are liars," said one man to another; "but this damsel hath spoken no lie. If she had declared falsely concerning the hiding-place of her kindred, our people would have gone whither she pointed. She only holds her peace."

Zorah was borne into the women's apartment of Paltiel's dwelling, and the door was fastened so that she could not escape. She listened to the departing steps of the multitude, as they proceeded onwards up the mount, and it was a relief to hear no more the

curses which were heaped on Paltiel's name: but when she remembered that her brothers would mourn when they found her not, that their retreat might be discovered while she could not give them warning, and that all hope of Paltiel being saved by her means was over, she sank down on a couch in the darkness and wept bitterly.

Yet she reproached herself for her grief, saying, "If my feet may not be fleet as a roe's along the paths of the hills, to carry tidings, there are swifter messengers whom Jehovah will send if it seemeth to Him good. If my voice may not give warning, God speaketh in the echoes of the rocks; and my people shall live, if such be his will."

Till the morning watch, all was still; but as the grey dawn entered through the lattice, she heard cries of men afar, and knew that the multitude was returning. She shuddered at the wrath of some voices, and the mockery of others, as the sounds came nearer. She sprang to the door, but it was fast. She wrung her hands as she looked around, and saw no hope or help. She had not tried the lattice. She piled cushions one upon another,

till she could lay hold on the fastenings of the window. When she put forth her strength, they burst asunder. She leaped down to the balcony, and ran within the porch. She first drew aside the wicket that she might see without being seen by the multitude who passed: but when she beheld Paltiel in the midst, bound with his own girdle, and hurried on by the violence of those who held him, she rushed from the gate, and stretched forth her arms to him, while her cry of anguish was as that of the young antelope when the hind is slain by the hunters. There was grief in the countenance of Paltiel, as he strove to tarry for a moment to give his blessing to the maiden; but the crowd conveyed him away with the greater speed; and when he looked back from afar, he beheld her stretched on the earth, while none remained to comfort her.

She knew not, or her grief would have been yet greater, that it was through her absence that the retreat of the Nazarenes had been discovered. Her brothers found her not among the company and were dismayed. They had issued from the pass when they thought none were nigh, and the eyes of enemies had

beheld them afar. Now they had fled to the High Priest to implore help against the multitude, if it might be yet time to save the life of Paltiel.

They who beheld the countenances of the people had no hope that that life could be saved. The reproaches were loud, and the curses on the blasphemer were bitter; and the murderers could scarce refrain from blood till they had reached the place where Paltiel was to die. To speak was in vain, for no voice could be heard; and when the Nazarene women threw themselves in the way, and besought mercy by their tears, Paltiel made a sign to them to arise and be still. They sat down by the way side, well knowing that they should see him no more.

Sadoc tarried not, but went side by side with his friend. When he found that the cry of the people was for blood, his heart became fixed like that of Paltiel; his eye was as calm and his step as firm.

"Is this man no longer thy friend," said one to him, "that thou goest to look on his death without sorrow?"

"Because he is my friend, and I know what

is in his heart, I fear not for him," replied Sadoc, "but rather rejoice."

Paltiel heard his words and smiled upon him.

As they passed by where Jesus had led forth his disciples to behold how he left the world, Paltiel looked up into the heaven, saying, "Would it were here!"

But neither here could he tarry a moment.

Thenceforth he looked steadfastly on the temple, both when they descended to the valley, and when they crossed the torrent, and when they entered the Sheep-gate, which stood open to receive them. Then the multitude was suddenly hushed, through awe of the holy courts: but not the less fiercely did they gnash their teeth on the man whom they believed to have profaned the holy place.—On the flight of steps which led from the valley to the temple courts, was a Nazarene who had been a slave, but was now a freedman. By Paltiel had he been instructed in the faith, and established among the brethren. His first-born was in his arms, and he held him forth that Paltiel might bless the child. Paltiel bent his face over the face of the child, and blessed

him aloud in the name of the Lord Jesus. When he looked up, there were tears on his face.

"Weepest thou, my friend?" said Sadoc. "Thou shalt shed tears no more after this hour. Tears are for us who live."

"Till Jehovah shall wipe them away, must not tears fall even in heaven over the sorrows of our people?" said Paltiel. "I mourn for this child, and for others who will gather together at Bethany at sunrise, and will find me not. Strengthen them, Sadoc, for the tribulation to come."

"Even as thou hast strengthened me, my friend Paltiel. But how appeareth death unto thee? Speak, that I may meditate hereafter on thy words."

"Even as when we have spoken together in the night seasons; even as when we saw the Lord Jesus in the cloud and desired earnestly to depart also. Men of old had faith; but we have knowledge, and there is no place for fear. If thou wilt know more, ask of Lazarus."

The people, who were enraged when joy kindled in his eye, fell upon him, and dragged him to the summit of Moriah, where was a

precipice of five hundred feet to the valley below. From the windows of the priests' apartments some looked forth; but they shrank back when they met the glance of Paltiel.

When the girdle which bound him was unloosed, he leaped upon the battlement, and cast one look down the precipice. He turned to the people, and spread his arms over them as the High Priest when he gives the blessing, and, in an instant, lay asleep on the turf of the valley.

In the stillness of noon a voice mingled with the murmurs of Kedron, sighing forth,

"Alas! for the brethren! Alas! for the widow and the fatherless! Alas! for me; for thou art dead, my brother Paltiel!"

When the evening star had risen, the funeral chaunt of the Nazarenes was heard among the tombs of Bethany.

ALAS! THAT MIGHTY CITY!

It was the day of preparation for the Passover; and there was gladness in all the Holy City. Music sounded from afar, as companies who came up to the feast entered at sun-rise by the several gates. A cloud of dust was raised towards Hebron, as the feet of pilgrims trod the road to Jerusalem. As the mists drew off from the valley of Ajalon, it was seen that the tents which had been pitched there at even-tide were struck, that they who had reposed therein might hasten to the feast. The dwellers in Jerusalem came forth upon the housetops to greet their guests, and to boast of the multitude of their people: and, save that bands of soldiers went to and fro, there was no sign that the Romans had of late surrounded the city, and might approach to besiege it again.

As the Galileans drew nigh from the northward, a company came forth from the gate of Ephraim, as if to meet them; but when the musicians who led the march of the strangers poured a louder strain of greeting, they who issued from the gate saluted them gravely and passed on.

The Galileans ceased their music and stood still, marvelling that men should on this day go out as way-farers, for such they seemed. The men were shod as for a journey, and their garments were girded around them. The women and their children rode on asses, and behind were laden beasts. When some inquired wherefore they left the city before the feast was begun, they pointed towards the north-west. Somewhat was seen on the horizon, glittering in the morning sun. The men of the city were in doubt what it might be; but the Christians knew that it was the helmets and spears of the Roman army: and therefore they departed.

When they were a few furlongs from the gate, they turned to look once more on Zion. She was fair as a bride waiting for the marriage. The temple was as a mountain of snow

in the sunshine, and the golden spikes which covered the roof glittered like stars; and the sky above was of a deeper blue than in all the heaven besides. There were tents on the roofs of all the houses, and the walls and towers were thronged with people.

The Christians gazed till their eyes were dim with tears; and then the breeze brought to them a voice as from the tombs, which cried, "Woe unto Jerusalem and the holy house! Woe unto the bridegrooms and the brides! Woe unto the whole people!"

"Thus was there feasting in Sodom, when the decree of Jehovah had gone forth against her," said one among the Christians. Yet his spirit and the spirit of his companions yearned towards the abode of their fathers. One who pressed her fatherless babe to her bosom, sighed,

"Alas! that we should leave the tombs in the valley of Jehosaphat! Where shall be thy sepulchre, my child?"

A youth, who had laid down his arms when he became a Christian, looked towards the towers of defence, and thence to the array of

spears, which was now distinctly seen on the horizon, and his face was flushed as he cried,

"If our faith did not forbid to shed the blood of these oppressors, mine arm should be strong to defend my people."

"It would be in vain, my son," replied an elder; "the glory of our nation departeth. A better victory is for thee."

The smoke of the offering now curled above the courts of the temple. An aged priest, who had joined himself to the Christians and left the city sorrowing, could not now restrain himself. He turned to his children to bid them farewell, purposing to abide in the temple till it should be overthrown. He would suffer none to return with him, because the Lord Jesus had given them warning to flee from the wrath to come; but for himself he said,

"My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of Jehovah, where I have served all the days of my manhood. Though the incense should ascend no more, though the sparrow should build in the holy place, and the swallow feed her young on the altar, I will

appear in Zion before God. Go ye into the mountains with your wives and your little ones; for ye are not priests; but for me,—I have chosen my lot."

So saying, he returned upon his steps gladly. As the wayfarers proceeded, they met many who would have persuaded them to return, saying, that in the holy city alone was there a sure refuge. But the Christians answered in the words of the Holy One, and passed on.

If they had ever doubted those words, they would now have found them true. There were rumours in all the land of new prophets who rose up to delude the people; there were divisions also among the leaders, and a slaughter of Hebrews by the hands of Hebrews. Messengers, whom the Christians sent forth from their abode in the mountains, brought tidings of greater woe day by day. They told how the Romans had digged a trench, and compassed the walls of the city, so that none could pass to and fro to bear food.

There was also a great drought, and a cry for water arose out of the streets; for the days were past when the young men and

maidens could go forth to the water-springs at sunrise. Neither were those streams now pure; for the bodies of the dead were cast abroad from the walls, and lay beneath the waters of Siloah and Kedron. The mighty men of the Hebrews were trodden under foot, and the cry of anguish went up from all the dwellings of Zion. The palaces of Jerusalem were still seen from afar, like unto the abodes of princes; but famine raged where the feast had been spread. The temple still savoured of incense; but slaughter had polluted the sacrifices. The trumpets still sounded to battle from the towers; but with them was again mingled the voice of evil omen which cried, "Woe, woe, unto the city!"

When the Christians heard these things, they prayed that the days of trouble should be shortened; but while they sorrowed for their nation, they gave thanks that the law of salvation had been promised to all people. The glory of the Hebrews was passing away, as a wandering fire that vanishes in darkness; but the bright and morning star had risen which should set no more.—Though the Jews should pass under the yoke and be chained to the car

of their conqueror, the new and better law of Jehovah should be established, so that every man should be a priest, and every day a sabbath. Thus they mingled joy for mankind with tears for their people.

They loved to speak one to another of the holy men who had seen Jesus and followed him through the land. When the worship was ended, or when they surrounded the board, or gathered together beneath the shadow of the hills, the old men told what they had seen and heard, and the children sat at their feet to listen. One remembered how his mother had held him up that he might see the Teacher pass by when the people spread their garments in the way, and shouted Hosannas. Another had stood before Paul of Tarsus to defend him when the multitude dragged him forth from the temple. There was also one who had gone with Simon Peter to Rome, and tended him in prison, and walked with him when he went to his death, and borne his last words to his wife, who suffered with him. This witness was never weary of telling how great was the patience and how unconquerable the courage of the martyr: how

the fire of his soul shone from beneath the brow of age; and how he could even smile as the wife of his bosom bade him farewell, because her death was a testimony to the faith.

"If it be true," said one who heard, "that Simon Peter was, in the beginning, less steadfast and less patient than his brethren, we see in him the power of the faith; for he died the prince of the apostles."

"That thus it was with him when the Holy One appeared, I can bear witness," said a woman who bowed beneath the burden of years. "I walked on the shore of the lake, on the morning when the Teacher called Simon to follow him. The next day, Sadoc, my brother, spoke with him on the paths of Tabor, and they were troubled in spirit because the prophet taught to forgive injuries, and not to resist evil. Sadoc smiled when he told me of this, to think how his spirit was changed. If he yet lived, he would forgive unto our conquerors even such evil as they visit on our land this day."

"Even as John who liveth to witness it," said another. "His tongue is feeble with age,

yet sayeth he unto us, 'My children, love one another.' Soon shall his tongue be silent, if, as he believes, he shall depart when the visitation of wrath is accomplished, when the temple shall be overthrown, according to the sure words of Christ."

"The time is at hand," said one who had drawn nigh to the company unperceived. It was Adonijah, the aged priest, who had gone back from them to serve to the last the altar of Jehovah.

"The temple is surely overthrown, since thou art here, my father!" said his sons as they bent before him.

"The temple yet standeth, but the fire of the altar is extinguished. Therefore I come, because I know that the office of the priesthood is ended. I have seen the sacred vessels melted in the fire, as the ore that cometh impure out of the ground; and therefore I seek a place of prayer where none can commit sacrilege."

The company opened a way to the palm-grove where they worshiped; and thither the old man retired with his children alone.

When he came forth, he told how the He-

brews had contended among themselves, as if they hungered for slaughter rather than food, and thirsted above all for blood. He told how the people had perished of famine, even while lambs were spared for the offering; how the smoke had daily risen, while the battle was carried to the very gates of the temple; and how the Roman general had had respect unto the sanctuary, and desired that the priests should not be hindered in their office. Yet the sacrifice had ceased, for there were at length none left to minister save he alone.

When he saw the last spark of the holy fire blown out, and its ashes scattered by the winds which entered through the breaches of the walls; when he traversed the priests' apartments and found no son of Aaron there; when he looked how deadly foes grappled in the holy courts, he knew that the glory of Jehovah had departed from behind the veil, and that the place where he stood was no longer sanctified. He took his staff and crossed the threshold, casting no look behind. He went forth in his priests' garments, in sight of the Romans; and when they saw that he was a man of peace, full of years also and wasted

with hunger, they allowed him to go whither he would.

"Though I well know," he said, "that in all this tribulation the word of the Holy One is fulfilled, and though I believe that in his gospel there is an abundant recompence unto all, my spirit is heavy within me. The blood of my people is before me, and their wailings are in mine ear, and I would fain know the issue of these troubles. Go forth, my son Jonathan, and watch from the hill Teresh whether aught further hath befallen the city."

Jonathan departed, not to return till the fate of Jerusalem should be known. Each night, at the first watch, he blew a single blast on the trumpet as a signal to those who listened afar that the besieged were yet unconquered. Though they knew what should come, there was pride in that hour, in the saying of their people that God had made the Hebrews of such a temper that they did not fear death; there was pride that the lion of Judah stood thus long at bay with the hunters.

The Christians were assembled for worship as they were wont before they should go forth

to hearken on the hill-side for the voice of the watchman. The air was sultry, and there was no sound in the grove but of him who read, in the words of Luke, how the Lord Jesus had mourned over Jerusalem because she had stoned the prophets who reproved her in the day of her pride, and must therefore be left desolate. The voice of the reader faltered, and while he paused, the sound of a trumpet was heard from afar. It was faint; for there was no breeze to waft the music; and the worshipers looked one upon another in doubt. Again it was heard, like the voice of a dream; but when the third blast arose louder and clearer, the company bowed before Jehovah, knowing that the first covenant was now fulfilled.

It was night before they arrived where Jonathan waited for them on the heights of Teresh. The holy city was on the extreme verge of the plain, like a cloud of the sky, or a far island of the sea. Only when the sun shone on the temple at noonday, or the watch-fires were kindled at night, could it be discerned. But now a flame, mightier than all

the watchfires of the land, spread itself on the horizon, and sent up a light into the firmament which dimmed the stars.

The moon still rode high in the heaven when this pillar of fire was become a cloud. The silver beam shone on the grey hairs of Adonijah while his head was yet uncovered; and on the tears of the women ere they drew their veils around them, and sat down to mourn that the glory of Israel was extinguished.

As Hebrews they thus mourned; but already other thoughts were in their hearts, for they were also Christians. Though the heaven and the earth should pass away, they looked for new heavens and a new earth; for beauty out of ashes, even as they had seen life arise out of the dust. One among them said,

"When our city sat as a throned queen, a cry of woe was uplifted against her, amidst her song of rejoicing; but now when she hath been desolate for a while, music shall come unto her on the four winds. In the ends of the earth and the islands of the deep shall she

be honoured, because the Holy One hath been within her gates."

"Yet," said Adonijah, "she shall have a sanctuary no longer. Moriah shall be a ploughed field, and wild grapes shall be gathered where our golden vine hung forth its clusters. The tabernacle of God is now with every nation. Worship no more towards Jerusalem; for in the heart of every man is henceforth the Holy of Holies."

G. SMALLFIELD, PRINTER, HACKNEY.

[redacted]
CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT
202 Main Library 642-3403

LOAN PERIOD 1 **HOME USE**	2	3
4	5	6

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS
1-month loans may be renewed by calling 642-3405
6-month loans may be recharged by bringing books to Circulation Desk
Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date

GENERAL LIBRARY - U.C. BERKELEY
B000874054
[redacted]